HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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IT SERVED ITS TURN.

T. P. "THIS *WAS* A MOCK ELEPHANT, BUT MY PARTNER DICK WILL SHOW YOU A REAL TIGER." [*Exit.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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THE Union Pacific Railroad was sold at auction, on foreclosure, at Omaha, on November 1. The government receives the whole of the debt due from the road, an increase of $8,000,000 above the amount promised in the proposition agreed to by Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration, the purchasing syndicate having increased its bid that amount on the threatened appearance of a competing bidder. Mr. MCKINLEY'S administration is to be congratulated on the good bargain it has thus been able to make, and it is to be hoped that it may make an equally good bargain in the sale of the Kansas Pacific. The country is to be congratulated that the politicians are no longer to have the power to transfer these properties to government control. Fancy government control of railroads in this country! Fancy PLATT and CROKER in control of the New York Central system!

ON Friday, November 5, appeared the first number of LITERATURE, the new journal, devoted exclusively to literature, which is published in London by the *Times* and in the United States by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS. The character of the new journal, and the purpose of its originators, have been fully set forth in these columns. The first number will, we are sure, be read by every one who is interested in contemporaneous literature. It will be found to be a paper written for those who love books—not, like most literary papers, principally for authors or for publishers—not, in brief, a special publication for those who are engaged in the making of books—but a paper for those who read, and who want to know about the books that are worthy of their attention. We are sure, too, that the large and generous spirit of the new journal will be gratifying. The determination to review only such books as are worthy is a lofty and dignified purpose, and it is reflected in the sympathetic tone of the reviews. Another feature of the new journal's criticism is its fairness to American literature. In the next and in each of the succeeding numbers will be a letter from this country by Mr. BARRETT WENDELL, Assistant Professor of English at Harvard.

FROM one end of the country to the other, wherever there has been an opportunity to strike at the Republican party, the people have availed themselves of it. In New York State, RICHARD CROKER and THOMAS C. PLATT have now entire control, and, so far as it was possible in the last election, the Republicans have lost it, Mr. MCKINLEY'S plurality of 268,469 having been transformed into a Democratic majority of about 59,000 for Judge PARKER. To say, however, that PLATT has lost is misleading. It may be that the result of the election will end his control of the Republican party, but it is too early to say that. He has gained a personal triumph for the moment. He has accomplished his object in New York city. With the help of 101,000 Republicans, mostly his dupes, he has turned over the government of the metropolis to CROKER, and the criminal, the vicious, and the disorderly, who fitly celebrated their triumph over law and order by a drunken orgie which recalled the palmy days of TWEED and the scandals of Paris during the Second Empire. The partnership has been renewed. It is said that PLATT has lost the Assembly. It may be true that candidates of the Citizens' Union hold the balance of power in the lower branch of the Legislature, and that when they act with the Democrats the Republicans will be in a minority. But PLATT is as strong as ever. He still owns the Governor and the Senate, and can command the Assembly by an alliance with Tammany members whenever he needs a majority to carry through a design of the infamous firm of CROKER and PLATT. He has still wares to sell at Albany that CROKER will want for New York.

It was not wholly PLATT, however, that defeated Judge WALLACE. Bad as he is, and bad and weak as is his Governor, there was something else abroad on the 2d of November: it was a revolt against the conduct of the Republican party and the Republican administration. The feeling against the Republicans has resulted in political victories for the silver men. If Ohio is not in doubt, the Republican margin in the Legislature will be so small that the result in the President's own State is discouraging. Kentucky has broken entirely with the old and able leaders of the gold Democrats, and the silver men are in so great a majority that they even talk of demanding Senator LINDSAY'S resignation. GORMAN is defeated, but by a remarkably small majority when it is remembered that the State went against him last year by a majority of 32,224. It is true that the issue in the various State campaigns was not the silver question, but that many elements of opposition combined to defeat the Republicans. Gold and silver Democrats both voted for Judge PARKER in New York, and men voted against Republican candidates elsewhere who were disgusted with the greed of the protectionists, with the failure of the Republicans to enact a currency-reform law, and with the President's foolish commission for chimerical bimetallism, and his incapacity to realize the importance of the money question. Nevertheless, BRYAN takes it for a vindication. We regret to say that there is much basis for his belief that the silverites' "fight will be continued," and for this encouragement of the Bryanites the Republican administration is responsible.

IN London, Buffalo, and other centres of civilization a good deal of sympathy has been expressed for the victims of Sheriff MARTIN'S effort to uphold the law and to prevent violence, outrage, and murder at Lattimer, Pennsylvania. Naturally these expressions of sympathy have found an echo among the political demagogues, not only of Luzerne County, but wherever there are men who are willing to sacrifice their country and its peace for votes. The WEEKLY has been reasoned with and protested against because it has insisted from the first that this is not a question between oppressed miners and tyrannical employers, but between the miners and the law. On the former issue the WEEKLY has been quite as outspoken as any of its critics. Indeed, we venture to say that all of them together have not done as much as the WEEKLY has in exposing the wrongs inflicted upon the men by the operators of Pennsylvania. But at present we have another issue. It is between the miners and the law, and we have shown by a fair and uncontradicted—unless mere unsupported denial be contradiction—account of the unfortunate affair at Lattimer that the mob was composed of men who were intent on violence, who had already shown a disposition to commit murder, and who had threatened more violence. In attempting to prevent further lawlessness Sheriff MARTIN'S deputies fired into the crowd as it was actually defying the law.

At once there was an outcry of sympathy for the mob. At a time when officers of the law throughout the country were permitting mobs to commit murder, the sheriff and his deputies did what they thought was their duty, and the immediate presumption of most of the press was against the officers of the law and in favor of the mob. The rioters were called peaceable working-men, and it was asserted that they were unarmed. One reading their eulogists might imagine that these men, who had hunted one of their employers with murderous intent, and who had forced unwilling working-men to join their ranks that very day, were on their way to Sunday-school, when they were shot down in cold blood by the deputies. The mob thus eulogized continued after the shooting to manifest its peaceable disposition by stoning miners who wanted to work, and by compelling the presence of troops to prevent them from killing their enemies, and especially from lynching the deputies. The wives of those peace-loving Hungarians were prominent in all this strife. After the departure of the troops the violence continued. The deputies had been obliged to flee from their homes. Since their return they have been in constant danger. Attempts have been made to assassinate them and their families. On the night of October 3 two miners attempted to blow up with dynamite the house of WILLIAM KULP, a night-watchman at the Hollywood breaker. He had been a deputy in the recent troubles. An attempt has also been made to blow up Sheriff MARTIN'S house and to kill him.

An indictment has now been found against Sheriff MARTIN and his deputies, and how has the community behaved to its officers in their difficulties? In the first place, not only was their bail fixed at $6000 each, but the property-owners of Luzerne County were so intimidated by the mob that they dared not furnish bail, and the accused were forced to buy bonds of a Philadelphia trust company. Then the county commissioners refused to pay the fees due to them by law. In other words, the people of the county, through their official representatives, have refused to treat the sheriff and his deputies with common decency, not to speak of common justice, and, like the critics of the WEEKLY of whom we have already spoken, have sided with the mob from the first. The officers of the law must be more than human if they do not now regret that they did what seemed to them to be their duty in endeavoring to protect the lives and property of the citizens of Luzerne County. Not only have they undergone the wrongs, insults, injuries, and perils to which we have alluded, but they must now face the expense and terrors of a trial, with the recollection always present of the fate of the general commanding the troops at Pittsburg during the riots of 1877, who was tried for murder because of his efforts to uphold the law, the Legislature, after a long delay, returning him about one-half of his expenditure for his defence. As yet we have read no appeal for bare justice to the officers from those who were swift to pity the mob. The effect of all this on officers of the law must be very bad. The administration of the criminal law in remote communities and against popular sentiment is, and always has been, lax. If men who do their duty according to their own judgment are to be treated as these peace officers of Luzerne County have been treated, dutiful sheriffs under such circumstances will simply not exist.

CURRENCY REFORM.

THE Monetary Commission selected in accordance with the resolution of the Indianapolis convention of business men to advise the President and Secretary of the Treasury on currency reform and to suggest a plan for currency legislation is working diligently and intelligently at its task. Several weeks ago it requested a number of persons familiar with the subject of money, or with some phases of it, to answer certain questions as to metal money and paper substitutes and as to bank currency. The questions brought forth many opinions, which are now before the Commission, and which may be assumed to represent roughly the expert and business opinion of the country. We venture to say that there is so small a percentage of opinions in these replies in favor of the existing system that it may be truly said that the economic experts and business men of the country are nearly unanimous in the belief that a change is necessary.

The main purpose of the needed reform is the divorce of the government from the banking business. All the paper money of the government ought to be retired. It is dangerous, not only to the Treasury, but to the business interests of the country. Its existence demands the holding of a supply of gold by the Treasury, an arbitrarily determined amount, which has become the measure both of the government's ability to meet its demand obligations and of the stability of the gold standard; for the moment any Secretary of the Treasury shall announce that he will pay the coin obligations of the government in silver, that moment the country will be on a silver basis and gold will be at a premium. This fact, coupled with the strong silver sentiment in Congress, has already brought on a panic, and is constantly threatening the value of American securities, and, both directly and indirectly, the trade and commerce of the country. This fact also makes the paper currency of the government insecure, and taints the national bank-notes, which are to many minds the synonym of stanch and sound paper currency.

Paper currency resting on the will of Congress for its value and its volume must always be unsatisfactory. Long after the silver danger shall have passed away new dangers will take its place, and the new dangers will have their representatives in both Houses of Congress and in at least one political party. It is absolutely essential to the soundness of paper currency, and to the health of the money system of the country, that money and currency should not be in politics. What should be the standard of values is for the determination, not of this country, not of any single country, but of the commercial world, of the commercial world of civilization, all the members of which are mutually interested in the maintenance of the same standard by which to measure the prices of their interchanged commodities. Paper currency must be redeemable on demand in the metal money of the world, and its stability ought to be guaranteed by the laws and the resources of the government; but its amount should

be regulated by the necessities of business, and should increase and diminish with the demands of trade. Above all else, currency should be independent of the will or the whims of politicians.

It is also essential that the number of banks should not be limited by the requirements of law. Under the national bank act no bank can be established with a capital of less than $50,000. This provision of law has deprived a great many small communities of needed banking facilities. In the West and South, where from two-thirds to three-fourths of our exported commodities are produced, there is great need of banks; for, while the business interests of these communities are most important, since they provide the germ and the substance of all our foreign commerce, those who carry them on, whose products support our great railroads and steamship lines, and create the prosperity of large cities, are in a large measure at the mercy of those with whom they deal, and who enjoy the banking facilities which the producers lack. Banks, or branches of banks, should receive such liberal treatment from the law that they could exist wherever there is any accumulated capital that may be employed in the business of discounting. At present a community not possessed of $50,000 that may be taken from other occupations to be employed in banking must go without banking facilities, or, what is the next thing to it, must bank at a distant city. The effect of this is to put the producers of the vicinity in the hands of their very few neighbors who have ready money. This state of things, the oppression of usury, caused by lack of local banks in communities, is responsible for much of the trouble the country has had, and is having, with the money question, including the free-coinage agitation. No plan of reform will be satisfactory which does not include a provision which will permit the establishment of banks with much smaller capital than that now required by the national bank law. It may be that the smaller banks ought not to have the power to issue bills, but this difficulty will not exist if the small banks are the branches of larger institutions, or if the national banks of issue may, on certain corporate security, supply them with needed bills.

The principal objects to be attained by monetary reform are these which we have here outlined. The paper money of the government should be redeemed. It is probable that a mere declaration by the government that all its paper shall be redeemable in gold, and shall be destroyed as soon as it reaches the Treasury, will be the only act of redemption necessary; for, with such an understanding as that, the government paper, being as good as the government, and redeemable on demand in gold, will be the most desirable possible form of paper currency, and will remain in circulation for years, returning so slowly that it may be redeemed out of the revenues of government, if Congress will only leave a margin of revenue above expenditures. However, not only lest Congress shall continue extravagant, but to guard against any deficiency of revenue, the Secretary of the Treasury ought to have the power to borrow money at any time on short paper at the prevailing market-rate. Moreover, a good deal of gold might be accumulated by the sale of the silver now in the Treasury not needed for subsidiary coins.

The paper currency of the country should remain as good as are the notes of the national banks to-day. To this end the government should continue to protect the bank-notes, and should, to that end, safeguard them by a fund contributed by the banks, by the double liability of shareholders, and by making the notes a first lien on the assets of the banks. The circulation of the banks should be made elastic by basing the notes, not on a national debt which is yearly growing less, but on the assets of the banks. In 1894 our national banks, at a time of great scarcity of money, were able to add only $28,000,000 to their circulation, making the total circulation $207,000,000. In the same year the Canadian banks had in circulation notes to the amount of about forty-nine per cent. of their capital. If our own banks had then been able to meet the demands of business by issuing notes to the full amount of their capital, they might have put in circulation bills to the amount of $680,000,000. If they had circulated the same percentage of notes to capital as Canadian banks were circulating, they would have added to the circulation of 1893 nearly $160,000,000 instead of $28,000,000, and made the total bank-note circulation of the country $333,000,000 instead of $207,000,000. This important episode in our banking history illustrates the defects of a system based on a rigid, or diminishing, bonded debt, and the advantages of a system which permits the full employment of the whole banking capital as a basis for circulation.

Whether these essential reforms are to become law or not, a great gain will be made by a thorough discussion of the subject, and if Speaker REED will learn wisdom, he will not continue to stand in the way of such a discussion.

BOSSISM IN NEW YORK.

THE natural incompatibility of good government and that kind of party organization which culminates in boss rule could find no more striking illustration than the recent municipal election in Greater New York. There are at present not a few well-meaning persons who, while deploring the restoration of Tammany Hall to power, seek to console themselves with a vague hope that, after all, the new Mayor, Mr. VAN WYCK, may rise to a just appreciation of his vast responsibilities, and give the city much better government than we were wont to expect from Tammany Hall. Every good citizen, of course, joins in that pious wish. But it is useless to indulge in such delusions. No Tammany Mayor, unless he be a man of the loftiest kind of public spirit, of exceptional strength of will, and of the most self-sacrificing devotion to public duty, can resist the influences bearing upon him from the power that made him; and even if he be such an extraordinary person, he will find himself balked at every step. Nor does anybody suspect Mr. VAN WYCK of such heroic qualities. There is not the slightest reason for doubting that he was put in his high office for the very purpose of serving the ends of the Tammany organization, and that he would never have been selected had not the nominating power thought him a fit and willing instrument. These ends will, therefore, determine the character of his administration.

The Tammany organization, as in the course of time it has developed itself, consists of two classes of persons—politicians who co-operate with one another in the pursuit of public place or power for their personal profit, and, secondly, a large number of people who are made to expect from the potent favor of such politicians some benefit or other, be it in the way of employment at the public expense, or of help in need, or of protection or assistance in their private pursuits, whether lawful or unlawful—not to mention the criminal class, which, among the members of the Tammany organization, finds sympathetic usage, if not active aid. To these two classes may be added a third: Democrats who, although themselves honest persons, cling to Tammany Hall, and vote its ticket because it happens to bear the regular Democratic label. It is evident that an organization so constituted must, whenever intrusted with public power, use that power for the benefit of its members and dependents, rather than for the benefit of the community; for, if it failed to do this, it would annul the very reason of its being and drop to pieces. It is equally natural that such an organization should fall under the direction of one chief, who is to distribute the spoil, to adjust conflicting claims, to decide questions of discipline, to issue proclamations, and so on—in short, to perform the functions of a general commanding an army engaged in active operations in the enemy's country, and who to that end needs a power wellnigh autocratic.

The "boss" is therefore, in an organization like Tammany Hall, a product of indigenous growth. When one boss steps out, another will inevitably take his place. And that boss will be most efficient and most satisfactory to the organization who permits himself least to be hampered by considerations of principle or of public interest, and who secures to his followers or dependents the greatest personal benefit at the public cost. What the chances of good government are with such an organized appetite in power it is needless to discuss. On the whole, it may safely be assumed that Tammany Hall will do the worst it dares. And it is to be apprehended that after such a victory as that of last week, and with such enlarged opportunities, it will dare very much.

The Republican party, in the city of New York as well as elsewhere, was originally composed, in the main, of intelligent citizens, whose controlling motive in political action was the service of the public good according to their understanding. The long possession of power in the nation developed in it that more or less mercenary element which gets its living from politics, and, to make itself indispensable, largely monopolizes what may be called the menial part of the party service. In a great centre of population like New York city this mercenary element finds a good recruiting-ground, and is easily organized. Being always on hand, it gets the control of party committees, and usually gains a preponderant influence in party clubs. It assiduously cultivates that kind of party spirit which troubles itself little or not at all about principles or public measures, but has a keen eye to the prosperity of the organization and the personal benefits to be drawn from it. So it was here. The "Republican organization," although not wholly composed of politicians unscrupulously selfish, passed under the control of selfish workers, and for reasons similar to those which make the Tammany organization subservient to the Tammany boss, the persons "running" the Republican organization became the menials of a Republican boss. The development was gradual, but it reached its culmination under the present Republican ruler, Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT.

The Republican boss differs, as to his position and possibilities, from the Tammany boss in several important respects. But the two are in hearty accord as to the necessity of maintaining the essential principle of boss government: that the two organizations, Tammany and the Republican machine, are the only two *legitimate* contestants for public power, and that any attempt on the part of independent citizens to get hold of the city government with disregard of the two organizations must be suppressed by their combined action. The bosses may fight one another for the first place; but when an attack is made on bossism itself, they have a common cause which must be maintained at any cost. This principle was proclaimed without the slightest equivocation by one of Boss PLATT's principal spokesmen at the beginning of the late municipal campaign, and during that campaign both machines, without disguise, concentrated their efforts upon defeating the independent candidate, Mr. LOW. Nor does the size of the Tammany vote leave much doubt as to a considerable number of Republican machine votes having been cast directly for Tammany candidates. In this respect, therefore, the two bosses stood substantially upon the same platform and pursued the same object.

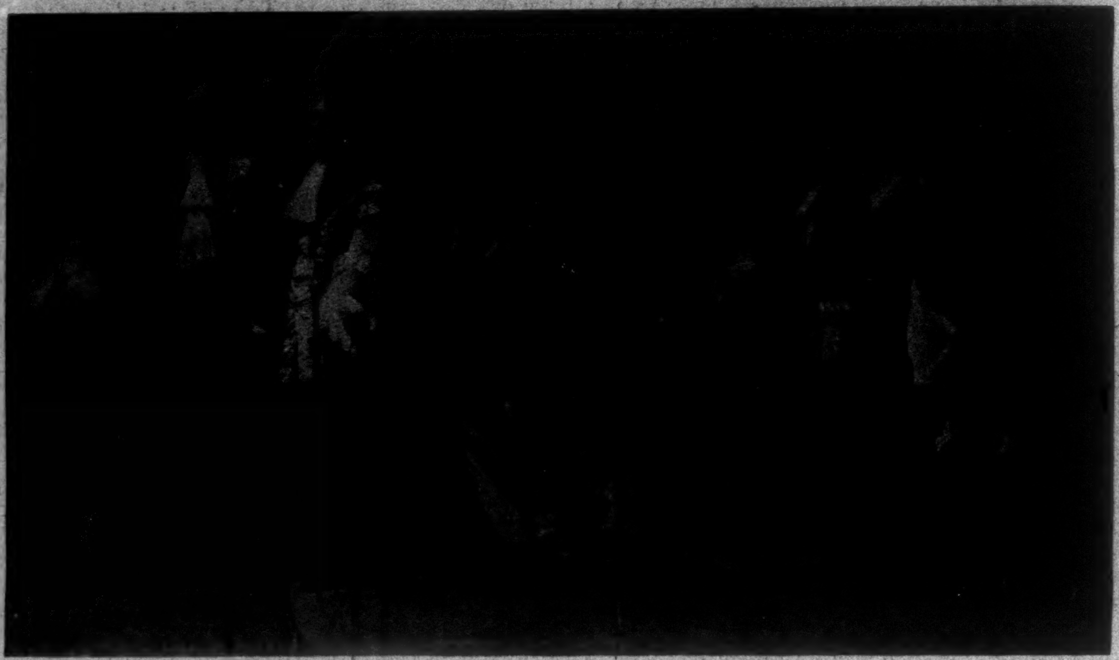
But in other respects the position of Boss PLATT is very different from that of his Tammany brother. While Boss CROKER has to care for nothing but the city spoil, Boss PLATT is at the same time the head of the Republican organization in the State, and bears a heavy responsibility as to the effect of his doings upon the fortunes of the Republican party in its national capacity. Moreover, his constituency is far more critical than that of Tammany Hall. It is true, he succeeded in this instance in inflaming Republican party spirit sufficiently to check the tendency prevailing among Republicans in favor of supporting Mr. LOW. But a large number of the very Republicans seduced by him will now be inclined to judge him by the results accomplished. And these results exhibit him as a woful blunderer in practical politics. He directed the action of the Republican majority of the State Legislature in such a way as to disgust and alarm the people, with the effect of turning the unprecedented Republican majority of last year into a minority. Against the judgment of the Republicans from the country districts he crowded through the Legislature the charter of Greater New York, expecting to turn the tremendous patronage of the new city administration over to the Republican party, and then he delivered that patronage into the hands of Tammany. He beguiled the Republicans of New York city with the pretence that his candidate had a flattering chance of election, and now his candidate figures as a poor third on the list, while the Republican party, as such, is exhibited to the country as the ally of Tammany Hall. For all this he has nothing to show but the maintenance of the boss principle and a greatly weakened machine. The balance-sheet is so terribly against him as to force upon his followers here, and no less upon the national administration and upon Republicans generally, the conclusion that Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT is an extremely dangerous man to have at the head of the Republican party in so important a State as New York.

The days of Boss PLATT are, therefore, likely to be numbered. And when he ceases to exercise his mischievous power it may dawn upon the Republicans of New York that while Tammany, for its objects and with its peculiar constituency, may need a boss, the Republican party will be morally and numerically much stronger without one. This will be a great gain to the cause of good government in New York, for, after the experiences we have had, a union of forces against Tammany, without any concession to machine politics, will then be made far easier. Thus the result of the recent election, while hard to bear, is by no means discouraging. If the opponents of boss rule could poll nearly 150,000 votes with a hastily improvised organization, they will be able to muster in much stronger force after preparation begun in time, especially since the party spirit, which stood in their way, has received a lesson not easily forgotten. What the friends of good government need above all things now is courage and perseverance.

CARL SCHURZ.

THE DRAMA.

A Lady of Quality, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Stephen Townsend, produced last week at Wallack's Theatre by Miss Julia Arthur, is decidedly superior to the novel from which it is drawn. In place of Mrs. Burnett's overwrought descriptions of character we find creatures of flesh and blood, who speak wholly for themselves, it is true in the author's hectic dialogue, but still in a more or less colloquial freedom far nearer nature than the stern rigidity of type. By close condensation, too, the story gains in coherence and movement. As for the local color, which in the novel is put thickly on through the use of the oaths and of the hackneyed exclamations of Queen Anne's day, that is far more successfully provided by the costumes and the scenery. Besides possessing these negative merits, the play retains the best of the situations that give interest and vigor to the book. If, for all its good qualities, it does not produce the effect of a serious or important work of art, if the much-discussed "big idea" at the basis does not inspire the awe due to a great moral truth, it simply indicates the inherent weakness of the whole work. As a matter of fact, *A Lady of Quality* is merely clever melodrama.



Sir John Oxon (Edwin Arden). Clorinda Wildairs (Julia Arthur).

"A LADY OF QUALITY," AS PERFORMED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE—SCENE FROM ACT II.

It is when considered as melodrama that the merits of *A Lady of Quality* are most clearly seen. The first of the five acts might have been called the prologue, for it serves as the preparation for the continued story narrated by the rest of the piece. It presents the defence for the case of Clorinda Wildairs, the Lady of Quality. In the midst of her father's drunken revellers, the motherless girl is introduced, dressed like a boy, and as good at fighting and drinking as any man among them. Indeed, on her first appearance, she at once proceeds to vanquish in a fencing bout Sir John Oxon, who becomes the most devoted of her admirers. During the revels that follow she learns that the illustrious Duke of Osmonde, the only man in the world she respects, has noticed her, and has expressed the hope that she may grow from a wild romp into a good woman. She resolves to change her ways, and disappearing from the scene she speedily returns clad in a dazzling robe, and the curtain descends as she calls upon her companions to bow before her to the queen of hearts!

In looking back on that first act, which made a complete play in itself, one wonders why it was not more effective. Executed with vigor it would have provided a solid basis for the acts to follow. But Mrs. Burnett has previously shown that her execution is not always equal to her power of conception. Not only is the act feebly handled, but it gives no suggestion that Clorinda is in danger from the machinations of Sir John Oxon. Indeed, it seems to indicate that she would be more than a match for a far shrewder villain. So, in the second act, where Clorinda is revealed as a woman of fashion, it is astonishing to hear of her intrigue with Sir John in the interval. If this motive had been developed in the first act it would have added plausibility to the almost brilliant scene in the act to follow, where Clorinda, after hearing that Sir John has cast her off to marry an heiress, scornfully announces that she is to become the wife of the old Earl of Dunstanwolde, and maddens him with her contempt.

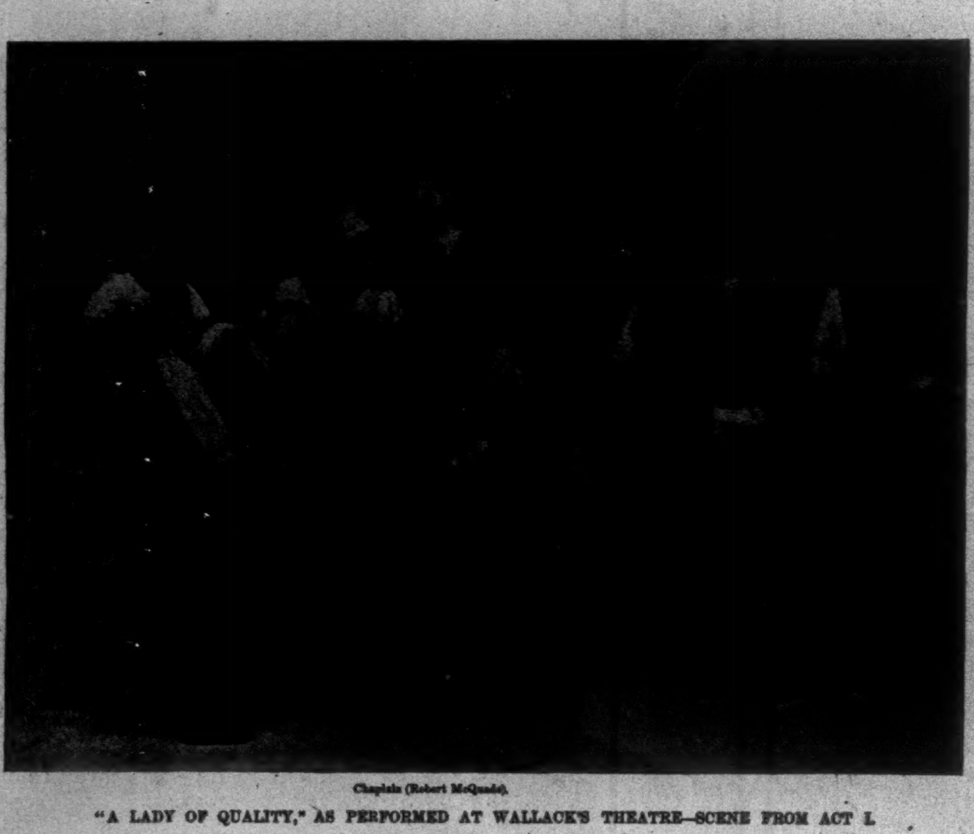
The Earl of Dunstanwolde, who serves Clorinda at so critical a moment, shows really princely magnanimity in dying soon after marriage, and in leaving his widow not merely with a sonorous title, but fabulously rich as well. Then, of course, Sir John reappears. Jilted by his heiress, he turns to Clorinda again, determined to use his power over her to prevent her marriage with the Duke of Osmonde, whom she loves, and to win her fortune for himself. That is a strong situation, but Mrs. Burnett has weakened it by developing it through two acts instead of one, which would much more effectively have served her purpose. Clorinda's swoon, after being threatened by Sir John, at the close of the third act, makes an unexpected and an exceedingly weak climax. There is nothing weak, however, in the great scene of the fourth act, where Clorinda, stung by Sir John's insults, seizes a loaded riding-whip and strikes him to the ground. Her matter-of-fact performances when she realizes that he is dead, however, find little justification in human nature, though her hiding of the body under a couch and proceeding at once to receive her guests may be accepted as possible, and even applauded for its ingenuity. It gives to the act, however, the flavor of artificiality. In the last act, of course, we meet the exploitation of the "big idea," when Clorinda, having lived down the sin of her youth, finds happiness with the only man she has really loved. There is something almost laughable in it all; one looks in vain for any suggestion of expiation or atonement, and is driven to the cynical view that Clorinda has escaped from her many difficulties with a great deal of unearned glory!

Apart from the interest of the new play the performance was chiefly notable for introducing again to our audiences Miss Julia Arthur, a young actress who for several years has done very promising work, in a part which, it was thought, would give her talents exceptional opportunities. In her elaborate costumes Miss Arthur looked very beautiful and distinguished, and she acted with great discretion, with a delightful naturalness, and, in the more emotional scenes, with considerable power. Unfortunately, however, she was not able to suggest for one moment the rough, almost masculine side of the character. In the first act, where she is supposed to represent an uncouth hoyden, she was graceful, dainty, and soft-voiced—in every look and speech and movement absolutely feminine. The close of the act she wofully misinterpreted; instead of making wholly satirical the announcement that she had become the queen of hearts, she ruined the situation by treating it seriously. Her scenes with Sir John Oxon, however, were nearly all superbly played, notably the scene in the second act after she has been cast off. Of the supporting actors, there were very few who rose above mediocrity. Mr. Edwin Arden as Sir John Oxon presented the picture of a weak-minded fop, exactly the kind of man that a woman like Clorinda would despise, and he spoke in so low a voice that he could be heard only with difficulty. As the Duke of Osmonde, Mr. Scott Inglis was fervent but stiff, and the result, especially while he was reciting Mrs. Burnett's sentimental speeches, was far from impressive. Mr. Robert McQuade gave a delightful characterization of an ingenuous chaplain who grows mellow with wine, and Miss Ethel Knight Mollison presented a pleasing interpretation of a lady of the court. The piece was beautifully mounted, and the costumes of the period of Queen Anne lent additional charm and color to the scenes. The production won unmistakable favor, and it will undoubtedly prove to be a popular success.

While our English-speaking stage is crowded with sentimental dramas, overwrought melodramas, and with farce-comedy, it is astonishing to think of the work that is being done in the little German theatre in Irving Place. To go there is like being transported from the heart of New York city to Berlin, or Munich, or Leipsic. The theatre is conducted by Manager Conried, a man of broad tastes, appreciative of the best in the old repertory as well as eager for the latest work of the new writers, exactly as the leading theatres in Europe are conducted; an excellent stock company gives during the season a wide variety of performances, extending from tragedy and the realistic drama to comic opera. In this way the actors acquire extraordinary versatility, instead of playing, as so many of our own actors do, one line of parts all their lives. Moreover, the encouragement which the more serious of the younger German writers receive from the German theatre-goers is a sad reproach to the condition of our own stage. For example, an intensely interesting play of modern life has recently been produced at the Irving Place Theatre, written by Georg Hirschfeld, said to be only twenty-two years old. It is entitled *Die Mütter*, and it narrates, without the least yielding to theatrical artifice or convention, a simple, moving story, relying for its development wholly on the play of character. Manager Conried has announced that during the present season he will produce other new plays by leaders in the modern school of German dramatists, among them Sudermann, who has never been appreciated by English-speaking audiences as he deserves to be, and by Gerhardt Hauptmann, whose beautiful dream-play, *Hannele*, exquisitely presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre a few years ago, was wholly misunderstood, and whose *Sunken Bell*, given last winter at the Irving Place Theatre by Frau Sorma, made a tremendous success.

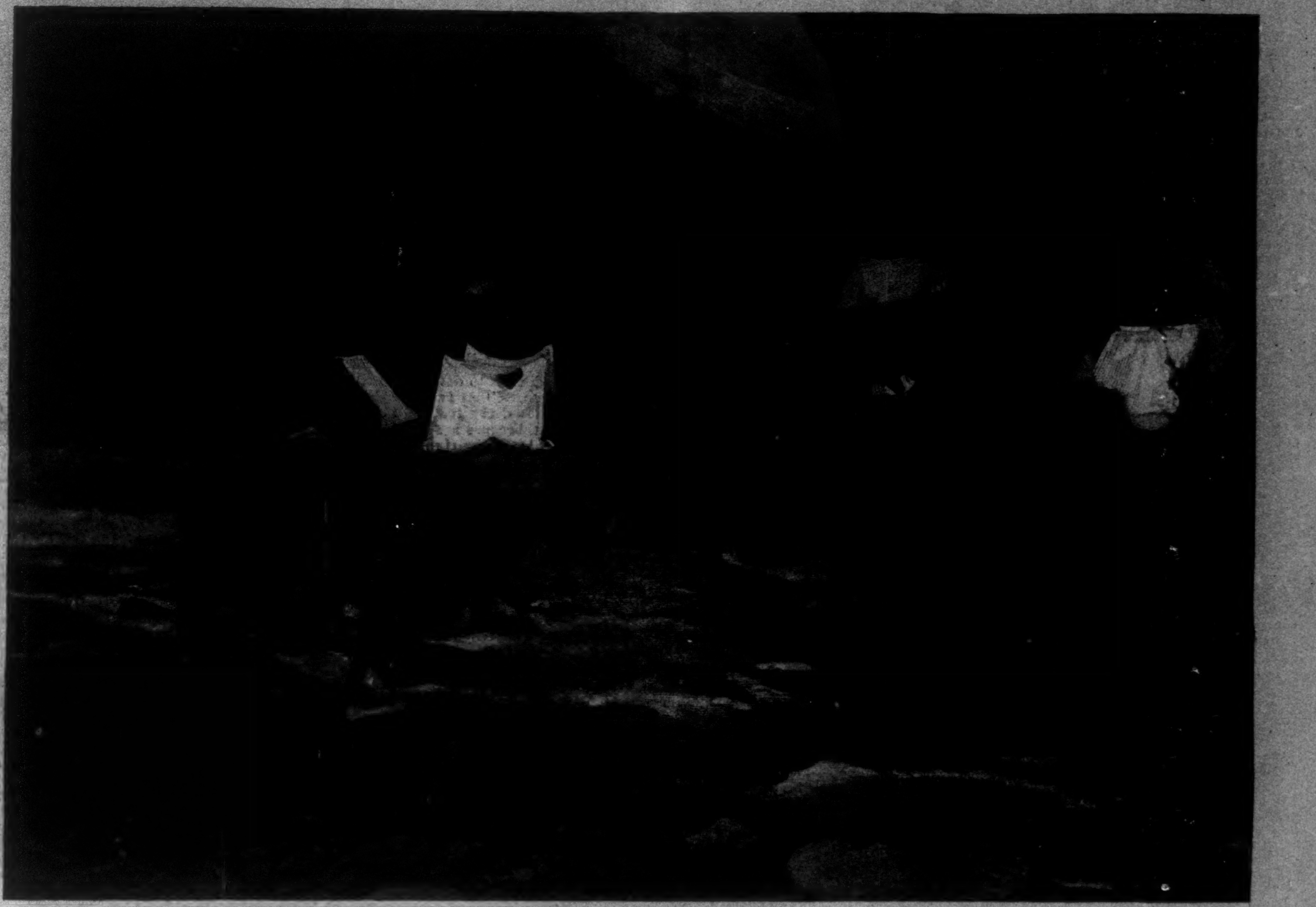
As we cannot have an American theatre conducted on the plan of the theatre in Irving Place, it is gratifying to note that a scheme is now on foot for the production in this city of literary plays at special performances. A few years ago a plan of this character was undertaken, and failed conspicuously through inadequate management, well-known actors being engaged for long intervals and at large salaries in order that their services might be secured for a comparatively few appearances. There are always good actors in New York who can be engaged for special performances without extravagant expense, and the cost of hiring theatres and mounting plays could be kept within reasonable limits. Our managers have made so many sacrifices for stage settings that it would be a relief to see plays of such merit that the scenery would be a minor consideration.

JOHN D. BARRY.



Chaplain (Robert McQuade).

"A LADY OF QUALITY," AS PERFORMED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE—SCENE FROM ACT I.



ON THE CHILKOOT TRAIL—PACK-TRAIN FORDING THE DYEA RIVER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TAPPAN ADNEY.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

VIII.—ON THE CHILKOOT TRAIL FROM DYEA TO SHEEP CAMP.

August 29.

STILL drying out wet clothes and blankets. The Leadbetter outfits are moving slowly, and there is some growling. One of our horses is here sick from injuries received on the steamer. He falls down with no load, and acts as if famished. This is Jim's own horse. Jim grows restless. He sees scores of men passing us every hour, bound up the trail. Everybody is moving but us. He wants to get a start. So he makes a proposal to take one of his horses, a cream, from the pack-train, and begin his own packing, and if I would replace the old "skate" with a sound horse—a proposition to which I readily assented by giving him "Trilby," leaving me now with five sound horses, and 1400 pounds of stuff, not including the boat lumber—to go to Lake Lindeman. My horses have been working on the pack-train from Finnegan's Point to Sheep Camp.

It is impossible to give one an idea of the slowness with which things are moving. It is next to impossible to keep an outfit together; there is always something left behind. The distances are considerable, and there are no rapid-transit facilities. It takes a day to go four or five miles and back; it takes a dollar to do what ten cents would do at home. The man at the Ferry with his skiff is making barrels of money at fifty cents per passage. Everything sells at Skagway prices, plus transportation step by step to each point. The nearest blacksmith is at Skagway, or is drunk, or has left his tools behind. Everything takes time and money to get. The same story is told by all. They have arrived here with outfits and means of transportation; they have thought their expenses ended, but they have only just begun. The continual rains make work slow, though it does not affect the sandy Dyea Trail. Where a party has calculated on getting over in days, it takes weeks. Yet how much better than at Skagway! Here people *are* moving, even if slowly; there the trail is choked, and no one is getting through!

August 30.

Everybody grumbling at the delay. Some, like me, have given horses for transportation, others are giving their services as packers with the train, while still others have advanced money. All are impatient to get over the mountain. My turn comes to-day. Six burros take 800 pounds to Finnegan's Point. The rest follows by wagon. A man who passed here with his boat yesterday comes down the trail. He has lost everything by the capsizing of his boat, and is inquiring for a new outfit. Another party have upset their boat, and landed some of the stuff safely on the head of a bar at the Ferry. The rest has gone out to sea. Notice is tacked upon a cottonwood-tree to the effect that the cutting of trees must cease, the ground we are on having been taken up as a Trading Post, claiming forty acres for that purpose. Mr. Kinney, the representative of the company, is located alongside of us, to secure title, and, if it is feasible, will establish a warehouse at Dyea in the spring, build a screw eastward up Chilkoot, and establish other posts at Sheep Camp and Lindeman. All this is in the air.

Said Mr. Kinney: "Twenty years ago I used to want to change the color of people's hair; now I let them be as they are, and try to find out what they want. Our idea is to put people over the pass at a low cost. But by spring they may have the St. Michael idea firmly fixed in their minds. If so, we shall not try to persuade them this is the easiest and quickest way. If they want to come, we shall be ready." Two other parties have wire-cable projects for hoisting sleds over the summit. One of the cables is now at Finnegan's Point, and will be taken up on a train of horses.

Finnegan's Point, August 31.

There are twenty tents here, a blacksmith shop, a saloon, and a restaurant. A tent, a board counter a foot wide and six feet long, a long man in a Mackinaw coat, and a bottle of whiskey make a saloon here. At the hotel a full meal of beans and bacon, bread and butter, dried peaches, and coffee, is served for six bits, or seventy-five cents. It is in charge of two young women from Seattle. One of them is preparing to start for Sheep Camp with her younger brother, and a two-hundred-pound cooking-range. The Indians bring in salmon and trout, and sell them for two bits, or twenty-five cents. The salmon run up to ten and twelve pounds. They are not such good eating as the trout, which go two or three pounds in weight.

The Indians go, two in a smallish canoe, one with a paddle, while the man in the bow sits facing the other, armed with an iron gaff, and as the canoe is slowly worked along the pools the gaffer feels up and down with his gaff until he strikes a fish, when, with a flop, it is landed in the bottom of the canoe. One cannot see a foot in the milky glacial water, so that spearing is out of the question. Sometimes they surprise the fish in the shallow places. I shot a two-and-a-half-pounder at a ford, grazing and stunning it with a revolver-shot. The Indians do not use a hook and line. There could be no finer place to fish for trout than along this Dyea River; there are deep pools, narrow, a rod across, against the sides of the steep mountains, while on the other side it is open, flat, and gravelly, free from bushes. But none have time to try. More important things weigh on our minds—the ever-present dread that we may never get over.

The slowness of the pack-trains is disheartening, horses being put out of use from loss of shoes, and no shoes or nails to put on them. They are getting sore, and the poor ones are getting played out. Men do not know how to pack. As a Montana man said: "Some of these people think that so long as it is a horse, anything is all right. If it is a piece of machinery they will have to take care of it, but they think a horse can stand anything." They do not seem to use even common-sense—those, too, who hire as "experienced" packers. The packing rate to Sheep Camp is twelve cents per pound. I get the boat lumber out, separate the two boats, and start my own in charge of two men for Sheep Camp. The lumber weighs 165 pounds, and I pay them twenty-five dollars. The grumbling still goes on. The men with the pack report that they were threatened up the line, that the train would be besieged by those whose contracts are about expiring, unless their stuff is taken ahead. My stuff, to the weight of 1400 pounds, went up to-day on the backs of nine horses. The sun coming out clear, I went down to Dyea to make some photographs. It was an unlucky move. The customs officer from Skagway steps up and invites me to pay the duty on my horses, which is smilingly done to the extent of two hundred and one dollars and fifty-two cents.

There are numerous new arrivals on the beach, including many who have tried the Skagway Trail. One party has come over that was eleven miles in on the Skagway Trail. He has turned around and chosen this route. He has the big oxen I saw over there; they will take the loads to Sheep Camp, and we may get some of their meat there.

Waiting at Finnegan's Camp for the weather to clear. Hear trouble about the horses. Packers report that revolvers were threatened, and that the train could not pass up but once more without moving those up the line.

September 2.

Packers seize the train. They have held what they called a "committee" meeting, and the "committee" announced that they were working for wages, and the only chance to get their own stuff through is to push it through on every available horse to-morrow, disregarding all other claims to precedence. Everybody is excited, and a panic has seized those who are being put over by the train. I try to stand them off, as far as my horses go, but the whole train goes off for Sheep Camp with a ton of stuff belonging to the packers. Leadbetter is up the line working goods, with three or four horses, from Sheep Camp to the Scales, gradually though slowly carrying out the contract. But contracts are contracts, and angry men point to dates on pieces of paper to prove that they are not at the Scales or at Lindeman within the time specified, and they are demanding the return of their horses. There is no leadership down here. Every man is for himself, and fears to be left. They are unable to agree to any proposition among themselves.

September 3.

I take a passage with a party of Indians for Skagway, to learn from the United States Commissioner what rights I

have to my horses and to get papers in a replevin suit, to be served in case desperate parties up the line continue to hold and use the train. The commissioner will hold court to-morrow at Point of Rocks, now designated Richard's Landing. There is now no hope of being put through in an orderly way. No time is gained by those who have thus forcibly taken the train out of Leadbetter's hands. They made it impossible for him to move farther. The packers to-night, in conclave before a big log fire, ask me to take charge of the whole train and to run it in the interest of the others, looking after the financial end, while Glass of San Francisco attends personally to the train. They are sobered a little by this time, and are beginning to work better together. Here are Simpson, with his 600 pounds of newspapers, and Fitzpatrick, the stowaway who was captured aboard the *Excelsior* as she was leaving San Francisco for St. Michael, and who to-night, in the ruddy glare of the fire, and amid the steam of wet clothes, tells over, with rich expletives, the story of the capture, and how he came to be here; and half a dozen others from all parts of the country, of all professions, but drawn together by common interest,

UNITED STATES MAIL STARTING UP CANYON FOR CIRCLE CITY.
From a Photograph by Tappan Adney.

and now trying to work together. I make them a counter-proposition—to take my horses at a low figure, and let me do my own packing on from Sheep Camp. The horses are now conceded to be mine.

September 4.

Rather than keep the horses idle I propose to Simpson that he take them out, packing one half for himself and the other half for me at the going rates, namely, eleven cents per pound. One black horse is at Sheep Camp, and only three others are yet to go on the trail. I load and help pack 280 pounds off for King's party from San Francisco, and at the same time accept an invitation to eat Christmas dinner with them at Stewart River. Turkey, cranberry sauce, plum pudding, and champagne are promised—a change from pork and beans. Henceforth, having packed my own horses for wages, it is not immodest, perhaps, to add to my titles that of "professional packer." One needs to know but little about packing to command the respect of ninety-nine out of a hundred on the trail. For the rest of this moving I had to throw the "diamond hitch" over the loads of so-called experienced packers, and had to concoct a long story about where I had learned it.

In the afternoon attended court according to engagement. There were several cases on—one some quarrel about mules, and another case I did not understand. There were perhaps a dozen men gathered on the bare Point of Rocks. The court was held in a ten by twelve tent. The commissioner sat on a box behind a large goods-box, and the lawyers and defendants and plaintiffs sat on other boxes, and discussed the situation informally. After talking awhile inside, all parties would go outside to a large rock in front of the tent, and there, with hands in their pockets, talk some more. A settlement was arrived at in each case. There is not much law here. Common-sense rules, or tries to; and if that fails, there is a big United States marshal who sets things straight in about as arbitrary and effective a way as a New York police justice does. In my own case there was nothing whatever to be done, but the papers were held in readiness in case of trouble.

September 5.

Eight of the packers buy three of my horses at fifty dollars each, the blue roan mare being painfully cut about the fore ankle. They own now a train of about ten horses, and have agreed to move in the common interest. With a light pack I start for Sheep Camp. The first thing after stocking the canoe is a horse down with his pack, and I recognize the old "skate," and Jim, with Nelly and the buckskin. Nelly's back is very sore, and she groans under the pack. The old skate is doing really good work on the level ground, is not sore nor cut; but this is his first try at the hills. We get him up, and the pack on again. Half a mile further on the pack turns on Nelly, and her back is gone. The pack is taken off and she is led back to the camp, where a revolver-shot puts the poor patient little beast out of misery. I do not forget the last words of the man who rode her into Victoria, little expecting her to be sold there by her owner. "Poor Nelly! I will never see you again!" Wet blankets, saddles not cinched tight, saddles that do not fit, loads unequally balanced, are doing the sad work. We cannot see from the outside what hundreds of horses are suffering.

It has been bright, clear weather since the 5th, and everybody is cheerful. We are like barometers—one moment dejected, the next light-hearted. TAPPAN ADNEY.

September 12, 1897.

ENLARGING MURAL DECORATIONS.

At this time, when some of the largest and most important decorative paintings ever executed in this country have just been exposed to public view in the new Astoria Hotel, it may be interesting to laymen to learn something of the *modus operandi* of a large mural painting. Many people have an idea that the artist just gets up on a stepladder and paints, not realizing the immense amount of invention, skill, and physical labor involved in designing and successfully carrying to completion a painting, say, fifty by seventy feet in dimensions. It is quite a different affair from sitting in a comfortable chair and painting an easel picture or portrait.

Generally, after the artist has received his commission, he submits to the architect or owner of the building, as the case may be, a rough sketch of what he proposes to do. If this is approved, he is then ready to go ahead.

The next thing to be done is to determine the scale of the figures, that is to say, their size; nothing is so deceptive as distance, and one cannot, because a figure on a certain ceiling looks the right size at a given distance, say what size the figures on another ceiling of different height shall be. It is entirely a matter of judgment; and so, as a rule, to save time and disappointment afterwards, the artist makes a rough charcoal or pastel trial cartoon and tacks it upon the ceiling or wall where the painting is to go.

After the scale is found, comes the most agreeable part of the work—the designing of the composition on the lines laid down in the first rough suggestive sketch, making the studies of the figures from life, designing the draperies and accessories, and inventing the color scheme, which must, of course, harmonize with the general furnishings and decorations of the room—the latter being harder to determine in the case of a room to be seen oftenest by artificial light, as is the case with a ball-room.

The next thing to be done is to transfer and to enlarge the design to the full-sized canvas.

This has generally been done by a system of squares. The small complete sketch is divided by lines into so many squares, and the full-sized canvas treated in the same way. These squares are numbered to correspond, giving at once the position on the large canvas of any line or form drawn on the small one. In the case of heads, hands, feet, etc., requiring great delicacy, the squares are subdivided.

This method of enlarging, which is also used by the scene-painter, dates back to the time of Raphael, and indeed to a much earlier period; and though, if carefully done, it is very accurate, it is very tedious and slow.

The stereopticon furnishes a means of doing this part of the work in about one-tenth of the time needed by squaring, and also enables one to keep entirely the character of the artist's individual style.

Glass slides are made from the sketch or from the life studies by a photographer, and the image is projected by the lantern upon the canvas; the lines are gone over and connected with charcoal carefully, and the thing is done.

This method has another advantage. If a certain figure seems too large or too small, or appears to need moving to the right or left or up or down, it can be done instantly with the lantern, whereas by the old way fresh measurements would have to be made, squares relined, and the design redrawn.

Our illustration shows the interior of Mr. E. H. Blashfield's temporary studio in the Fine Arts Building. At one end is seen the enormous canvas containing the group of figures representing "Music," this panel being less than half of the painting eventually executed. In the gloom the figures are being projected with the stereopticon upon the canvas by the artist and his assistants. Some of the figures have already been enlarged, some laid on in color. A. R. W.

LONDON.

October 21, 1897.

The opening of the Buluwayo Railway on November 4 will bring to a head the much-disputed question as to whether Rhodesia is a colony or a desert. Lord Grey, the Administrator, is now in England, and I have had the opportunity of discussing with him, and with other African authorities, many points in connection with the attacks of Mr. Blake, the American engineer, recently published in the *National Review*. These attacks, rightly or wrongly, impressed me with the sincerity of the writer. Mr. John Hays Hammond, also an American citizen, and perhaps the first mining engineer in the world, does not agree with Mr. Blake as to the absence of paying quartz in Rhodesia. Where mining experts differ, it is not for laymen like myself to interpose. The railway facilities now available will soon decide whether Mr. Blake is right in attributing to Zambesia a double dose of original sin in being a country that once was mineralized and now is mineralized no more. The evidence placed before me, however, satisfies me that Mr. Blake has written without due investigation of the facts. Mr. Blake's charges against the Chartered Company in regard to the oppressive character of their government, and the appalling brutality he alleges against British treatment of the natives, seem to be at once more serious and more easily capable of being tested. Furthermore, it is declared by others who agree with Mr. Blake that the present relations between the whites and the blacks is merely an armistice, and that the natives will rise again as soon as they are able to do so.

Seeing that these charges against the Chartered Company are made by an American gentleman, and since many American citizens have emigrated to South Africa, and more are likely to follow, I have taken every possible means of getting at the facts, and I have to thank the Chartered Company for replying to all the questions I have addressed to them. Six visits to South Africa have given me facilities for learning the truth and for knowing who may be trusted. In the first place, it is undoubtedly true that isolated cases of terrible cruelty and oppression have been perpetrated by individual white settlers. What is not true is that the bulk of the white population connive at, or that the government are indifferent to, the commission of these crimes. Pioneer communities invariably include a leaven of "tough" members, and Rhodesian pioneers form no exception to the rule. The best refutation, however, of Mr. Blake's terribly sweeping charges against the honor of England is contained in documents to which I have had access, but which have not been published. Those documents consist mainly of native commissioners' reports to Earl Grey. They are written by men of high character, and are not to be refuted by mere assertion or denial. The chief native commissioner, Mr. W. E. Thomas, is a prominent member of the Young Men's Christian Association, was born in Matabeleland, and could not write what is untrue without loss of caste. His report, which is typical of the rest, is a specific contradiction of the main counts of Mr. Blake's indictment, and he is corroborated with absolute unanimity by his colleagues. So far as I can judge, the Chartered Company are now worthily fulfilling the conditions of their charter. The main result of my investigation of Mr. Blake's careless attack on the Chartered Company has been to show the extraordinary position occupied by Mr. Rhodes. He has no official position in Rhodesia, except as chairman of the Buluwayo Railway. Nevertheless he is spending his great fortune and energies in developing Rhodesia, and in enabling the country to resume the progress interrupted by the rinderpest and rebellion. Scarcely a settler in need of help, including many Americans, but has received a kindly hand from Mr. Rhodes. He is no friend of mine, and I have consistently opposed his Transvaal and liquor policy, which I believe to have been contrary to imperial interests. But Mr. Rhodes's indomitable pluck and grit in grappling with Rhodesian troubles himself, instead of building a fine house in Park Lane, and enjoying the ease and safety of great wealth in England, appeal to my sense of what a brave and unselfish man should be. There is something absurd in excluding Mr. Rhodes from the titular position of Administrator of Rhodesia. A popular vote would place him there to-morrow. If he had been shot, imprisoned, or even tried for his guilty connivance with the raid, no one could have said he was unjustly treated. But he was not brought before a jury of his countrymen, and it therefore seems to be common-sense that he should occupy the place where his colonizing abilities would have free play. It is a pity that Sir Richard Martin, who is clearly an honest, if rather narrow and dull man, should have been chosen as military watch-dog by the Colonial Office. A larger mind would have recognized the perspective of fact which he has ignored. Sir Richard Martin's intellect is adapted for duty in a sphere of government where the difficulties are fewer than those appertaining to all frontier territory bordering on and containing savage tribes and a miscellaneous immigration.

To-day is Trafalgar day. It is not generally known that the idea of a national celebration arose in the mind of the man who suggested it from reading Captain Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power*.

ARNOLD WHITE.

NOVEMBER IN THE SOUTH.

This livelong day I listen to the fall
Of hickory-nuts and acorns to the ground,
The croak of rain-crows and the blue-jay's call,
The woodman's axe that hews with muffled sound.

And like a spendthrift in a threadbare coat
That still retains a dash of crimson hue,
An old woodpecker chatters forth a note
About the better summer days he knew.

Across the road a ruined cabin stands,
With ragweeds and with thistles at its door,
While withered cypress-vines hang tattered strands
About its falling roof and rotting floor.

In yonder forest nook no sound is heard
Save when the walnuts patter on the earth,
Or when by winds the hectic leaves are stirred
To dance like witches in their maniac mirth.

Down in the orchard hang the golden pears,
Half honeycombed by yellow-hammer beaks;
Near by, a dwarfed and twisted apple bears
Its fruit, brown-red as Amazonian cheeks.

The lonesome landscape seems as if it yearned
Like our own aching hearts, when first we knew
The one love of our life was not returned,
Or first we found an old-time friend untrue.

At last the night comes, and the broad white moon
Is welcomed by the owl with frenzied glee;
The fat opossum, like a satyr, soon
Blinks at its light from yon persimmon-tree.

The raccoon starts to hear long-dreaded sounds
Amid his scattered spoils of ripened corn,
The cry of negroes and the yelp of hounds,
The wild rude pealing of a hunter's horn.

At last a gray mist covers all the land
Until we seem to wander in a cloud,
Far, far away upon some elfin strand
Where sorrow drapes us in a mildewed shroud.

No voice is heard in field or forest nigh
To break the desolation of the spell,
Save one sad mocking-bird in boughs near by,
Who sings like Tasso in his madman's cell;

While one magnolia blossom, ghostly white,
Like high-born Leonora, lingering there,
Haughty and splendid in the lonesome night,
Is pale with passion in her dumb despair.

WALTER MALONE.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD

This is not a season that one would choose to submit to new-comers as a sample of the climate of New York. A great many persons who are inured to metropolitan fall weather, and who usually thrive in October, as every one should, are full of malaria and despondency this year, and go from quinine pill to quinine pill, hoping to hang on until the conditions of existence are more favorable. Hundreds of persons who ought to be in town and whose children ought to be at school are waiting in the country for street trenches to be filled up and pavements relaid, and hardy visitors, who insist upon coming to New York whatever the risk is, are fortified beforehand by their family physicians with various medicinal preventives.

The saddest case is that of the six poor Eskimos whom Lieutenant Peary brought here, and who came down more than a fortnight ago with colds so severe and harassing that they were all sent down from the American Museum of Natural History, where they had been lodged, to Bellevue Hospital. One of them, a woman, was dangerously ill at last accounts with pneumonia, and all of them had lost flesh and were forlorn and miserable.

As bad a case as theirs is that of the Corbin herd of buffalo that has been living in Van Cortlandt Park. It seems that eleven of them are ill as a result of bad water (due probably to the drought), and Mr. Corbin's son and executor wants to take them back to New Hampshire to save their lives. Evidently aborigines of any species fail to thrive here this fall. It is trying even for the tough human products of civilization, but the work in the streets really does make progress, and the frost is on the way, and no doubt the sale of Thanksgiving turkeys in New York will be a little greater than ever before.

All story-readers know that Mr. Anthony Hope is a yarn-spinner of prodigious merit, but not all of Mr. Hope's admirers realize how seriously it is possible to take their benefactor, or at how towering an altitude his literary exploits seem to some authorities to entitle him to perch. Mr. Bourke Cockran, as every one grants, is a master of rhetoric, and is able to convey ideas which have once taken form in his mind with an unrivalled luminosity. Mr. Cockran has a first-rate opinion of Mr. Hope, and at the Lotus Club dinner which was given in Mr. Hope's honor on October 28 he had first-rate success in transmuting it into language. In his judgment, as there expressed, there is no living writer whose works can be compared with those of Mr. Hope. He pictured him as "standing in the forefront of literary excellence." He believed it no disparagement of living writers to say that no one since Charles Dickens had wielded a pen of equal power or drawn characters "so forceful, so remarkable, yet so natural." He thought that "Mr. Hope occupied now, in the literature of this period, the place which Charles Dickens occupied in the literature of another generation." He contrasted Mr. Hope also with Thackeray and Swift, and very much to Mr. Hope's advantage the comparisons were.

To be able to give a good notice is a very happy accomplishment. Mr. Cockran possesses it in a high degree. It takes language; Mr. Cockran has it. It takes enthusiasm; he has that also. We are all Mr. Hope's debtors and well-wishers, and we all trust he will have fun in this country and make money here. But whether he does or not, after Mr. Cockran's speech he is bound to consider that his visit was a glorious success.

In the matter of the action of various Presbyterian synods anent the license of the Princeton Inn, President Patton is quoted in the newspapers as saying, "I am going to fight this question out if I have to fight the whole Presbyterian Church." Whether he did say so or not, the sentiment seems one that he might naturally and reasonably have expressed. The members of the government of Princeton have not been unanimous about the expediency of the licensed inn, but they seem to be pretty much of one mind in regarding the action of the synods as bigoted and impertinent. What seems to rankle especially in Princeton's mind is that the shaft which has pricked her so sharply is feathered out of her own tail. She has been educating prospective Presbyterian ministers free of charge ever since she began business, and has done it to so great an extent that it is estimated that forty per cent. of her graduates paid no tuition-fees. Now many of these graduates, members of presbyteries, have added their voices to the clamor against her inn. Princeton does not like that. It is even suggested that she begins to question the expediency of distributing so much free education to intending presbyters.

It should be borne in mind that a leading purpose of the inn is to regulate and diminish drinking among the undergraduates, and to cause such potations as do obtain to be orderly and moderate. Sophomores and Freshmen are not allowed in the inn at all, and only malt drinks are served to any undergraduate, unless he happens to be a visiting graduate's guest.

On November 1 the twelve competitive designs for the New York Public Library, made by architects chosen after the competition of last May, were submitted to the secretary of the trustees' committee. These designs have gone to seven jurors, who will select three, from which the trustees will make a final choice, and submit it to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

Such curious things happen in the English papers. In the *St. James Budget* of October 22 is copied Mr. Rogers's front-page cartoon from the Weekly of October 9, entitled, "Attitude of the Easy Boss from Different Points of View." The cartoon represented Mr. Platt riding a G. O. P. elephant made of boards, which, being turned edgewise, discloses Mr. Croker standing behind it, with his hands in his pockets, and lighting a cigar from a match held by Mr. Platt. This cartoon, wonderful to say, the *Budget* has labelled, "The Prince of Wales in an American Election Cartoon," and in explanation it quotes a recent telegram as saying: "The Prince of Wales is playing an important part in the New York election. Cartoons representing the Prince and Boss Croker in affectionate attitudes are being displayed by the opponents of Tammany to arouse anti-English prejudices. There is some story that Mr. Croker gave the Prince a light for his cigarette, so Mr. Croker can be represented as the friend of English 'swells,' and that is naturally a damning charge to bring against an American public man." The poor *Budget!* It has mistaken Platt on the elephant for Croker, and in Croker, as limned by Rogers, who does not flatter him, it sees the Prince. That makes a cartoon even funnier than Mr. Rogers designed.

In spite of the silly tattle about Croker and Wales, whereof the *Budget* heard the echo, it is possible to assure the *Budget* that the Prince did not really play an important part in the late election here. There is no reason to believe, nor do the returns indicate, that any voter cared a rush whether Mr. Croker knew the Prince of Wales or not. Equally irrelevant and innocuous was the publication in a Tracy paper of a London despatch proclaiming that Low was England's candidate, and pointing out as "significant" that "Mr. Low's friendliness toward Great Britain is warmly reciprocated."

Cheer up, *Budget;* the case isn't quite as bad as you think. The time may come—and Heaven speed it!—when the British lion's tail may hang on the walls of our political property-room, a disused relic, along with the bloody shirt. You won't know what the bloody shirt was, *Budget*, but never mind!

What a queer, interesting lot of discarded fetiches that same American political property-room contains! Models of the collection, made by a competent student of political history, ought to be issued for the use of schools.

France, like the United States, is studying the results of new contrivances for raising revenue. Her receipts for the last eight months are unsatisfactory in several particulars. The receipts from the tax on operations in the Bourse and financial transactions have fallen off 2,800,000 francs. The excessively high tax on playing-cards has diminished the revenue by 600,000 francs, and up to August 1 receipts from the inheritance tax were 10,000,000 francs short. The tax on religious societies (which resent the impost and are very loath to pay it) yielded only 364,000 francs.

On the other hand, railways pay 8,000,000 francs more than they did; alcohol, 8,000,000 francs more; tobacco, 9,000,000 francs more, and the telephone 1,000,000 francs more. These are considerable gains, but the losses make much too big a hole in them.

An Atlanta despatch to the *Evening Post* records that a fatal accident in a football game in Georgia, on October 30, has aroused throughout the State a demand for legislation prohibiting football, and that a bill to that effect, which was introduced at the last session of the Georgia Legislature, will probably be passed this winter. It does not take very much to arouse in any State in the Union a demand for legislation prohibiting something. Laws prohibiting young persons from being out after dark seem to be common in the West, as also laws, or attempts at laws, prohibiting cigarettes, hats in the theatres, and other doubtful indulgences. Prohibitions by act of Legislature are so easy that it really seems inexcusable to let any form of misdoing survive. Still, there comes a time when a sentiment crystallizes which results in the prohibition of prohibitions, and a fresh start all around. It was a Fifth Avenue dressmaker who said to a customer a week ago: "If I had a vote I'd give it to Tammany. They don't let me employ sewing-girls under eighteen years old, and every now and then they come here and overhaul my establishment. If a girl is not to work, or learn to sew, until she is eighteen, I don't want her at all. By that time she has 'notions,' and can't be taught; and growing up without settled habits of work, she is of no use to me. I wouldn't vote for Low. He stands for all that sort of regulation."

No doubt that is the sort of sentiment, very much of it unjust and mistaken, but still strong and pervasive, that makes the best-laid plans of reformers gang periodically agley, and gives the unregenerate a chance to breathe, and even to "holler." It has puzzled philosophers to explain why the All-wise let so much devilment into the world, but it really may have been because He recognized that we would like it better that way. It would be a dull world that offered no choices.

The Department of French in Harvard University announces that a company of students, graduates, and instructors of Harvard University and Radcliffe College, will give in Sanders Theatre, on the evening of December 6, 8, and 10, a performance of Racine's *Athalie*. The company will be supplemented by Miss Cushing and Miss Coolidge of Boston, who will take the parts of Athalie and Joas respectively. There will be Boston singers in the chorus, and the orchestra will be drawn from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The prospectus does not say that the performance will be given regardless of expense, but that is so obvious that the price of a reserved seat (two dollars) must seem low. For seats application may be made before November 25, by letter enclosing check to the chairman of the Department of French, Harvard University. Applications of students and graduates of Harvard and Radcliffe, and instructors in French in other colleges, will be preferred, but other applicants will have their orders filled if the seats hold out.

It will be observed that Radcliffe students are included in the cast. It is not recalled that Radcliffe has ever before contributed anything more than spectators to a Harvard play.

Mr. John Fox, Jr., writes in sorrowful protest about the advertisement of his story *The Kentuckians* which appeared on page 38 of Harper's Magazine Advertiser for November. The advertisement says of Mr. Fox, "No one else has told so graphically the story of the family feuds that were formerly so common in the Blue-Grass Regions," but Mr. Fox declares that one of his chief purposes in writing Kentucky stories has been "to relieve the Blue-Grass Region of a prevalent slander that the feuds of the mountains are common to it." "There are no feuds in the Blue Grass," he writes; "there never have been."

It is quite true that in *The Kentuckians* he has emphasized and made very clear and comprehensible that the Kentuckians of the mountains, where the feuds have flourished, though of kindred stock with Blue-Grass people, developed very differently, and, after three or four generations of rude and isolated life, were primitive and almost semi-barbarous people, whereas the Blue-Grass folk are at least as far along in civilization as their neighbors of the North and East.

Mr. Charles Fairchild (38 Union Square, New York) is chairman of the American committee, headed by Henry M. Alden and Edward L. Burlingame, which receives subscriptions to the proposed memorial to R. L. Stevenson in Edinburgh. Lord Rosebery heads the English committee, which includes Sidney Colvin, George Meredith, and J. M. Barrie. Subscribers of ten dollars or more will receive a special edition of Stevenson's *Æs Triplex*, not otherwise obtainable, which has as its frontispiece a reproduction of the portrait of Stevenson, by John S. Sargent.

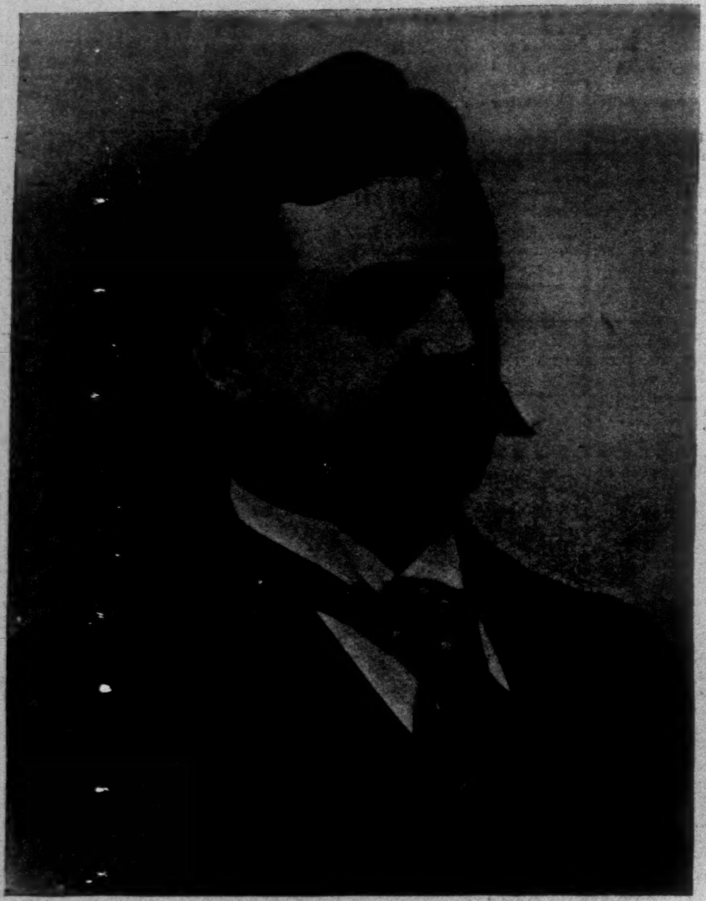
On November 5 a whaling-steamer was despatched by the Norwegian government from Tromsö for Spitzbergen to search for Andrée. The story the despatches tell is that a fishing-boat reports hearing humanlike cries off Daumandsoeren, Spitzbergen, in September, and it is thought best to investigate them. This seems a slight basis on which to send out a ship, especially since experienced explorers like Captain Sverdrup of the *Fram* think the noises were made by ice or by birds. But anxiety is felt about Andrée, and the desire to get some news of him is becoming urgent. It will be remembered that he said, when he started, that if he was not heard from at the end of three months it might easily be a year, and perhaps two years, before he made his way back. He also recognized how possible it was that he might never return.

There begin to be fuller reports, though still brief and somewhat vague, of the important travels and explorations in central Asia by Dr. Sven Hedin, a young Swedish scientist, who has been four years on his travels, and has seen strange and interesting lands, and had surprising and arduous adventures. Dr. Hedin, it seems, was the leader of an expedition backed by the King of Sweden and other rich men who are curious about the regions of the earth where novelties are still to be discovered. He started from Stockholm in October, 1893. He went through the Kirgis steppe to Tashkent. During February, March, and April, 1894, he traversed the Pamirs, to which, after a visit to Kashgar, he returned in the summer of the same year. He attempted the ascent of Mus-tag-ata, with partial success, went west to Lake Ishik-kul, and returned for the winter to Kashgar. In 1895 he explored the country between the Kashgar and Tashkent rivers, losing a man, seven camels, and nearly all his baggage in the desert of Takla-Makan. In December, 1895, he went from Kashgar to Tashkent and Khotan, descended the Khotan River three days, and thence eastward through the desert and down the Keria River to its terminus in the sands. In this region he found two old towns buried in sand, with paintings and sculptures which attested a former civilization of high quality. The country thereabouts he found full of wild camels. Thence he went on down the Tarim River to Karashan, Korla, and Lake Lob-nor. Returning to Khotan in May, 1896, he went to Tibet, crossing the northern highest plateau in two months with a caravan of ten men, fifty camels, horses and asses, and some sheep. Here he found great herds of wild horses and yaks, and many salt lakes, large and small. On he went through Tsaidam, where robbers threatened him, to Sining, where he found an English missionary. From Liang-choo he crossed the Ala-Shan desert *viâ* Fu-ma-fu to Niagsha, where he found Swedish missionaries; thence through Ordos to Paotu and *viâ* Kwei-hwa-chung to Peking, where he rested twelve days. Then he returned through Mongolia *viâ* Urga to Kiachta, and beyond to the Siberian railroad at Kluohi, a village east of Kansk.

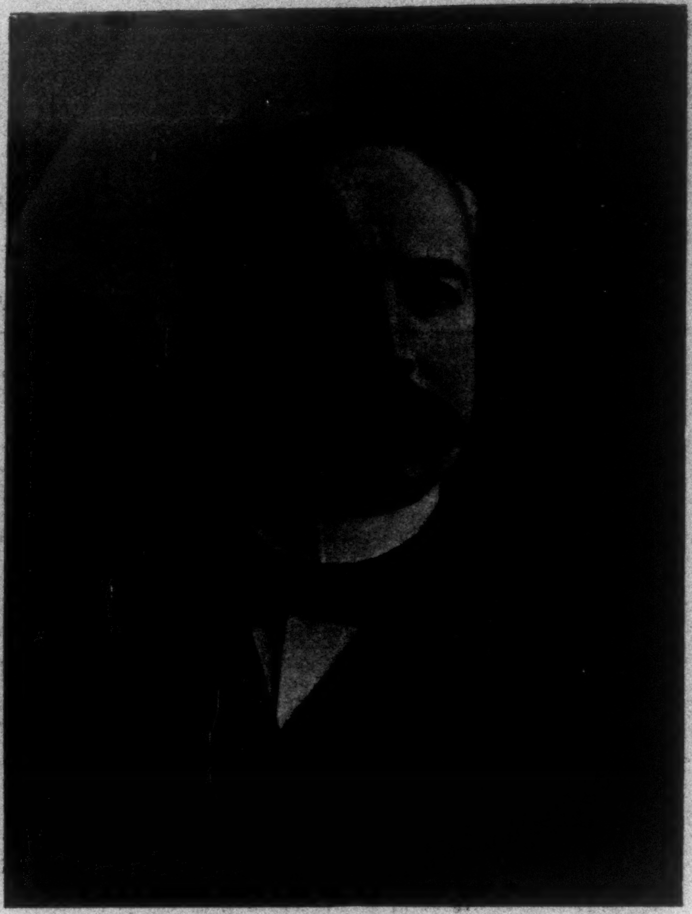
Not the best scholar in the geography class will be able to follow Dr. Hedin's trail without an atlas, and a good one, and perhaps not even with that advantage, for a good part of his errand was to settle the whereabouts of the geographical features of the countries he passed through. He had extraordinary adventures, and saw strange people who had never heard the British drum-beat, and whose womenkind were handsome, and were treated with high consideration and respect. He got home last May, and since then has been writing the story of his travels, of which, as stated, only scant details have so far reached the public.

Hunters of big game will doubtless make a note of the report of Dr. Bell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, who was a member of the expedition sent this summer to investigate the navigability of Hudson Strait. He explored Baffinland, and reports that the plains on the western side of it afford pasturage to vast herds of reindeer, or Barren Ground caribou. Dr. Hedin, as just noted, reports great numbers of wild camels near Shah-yar, on the Tarim, in northern Asia, and great herds of wild horses and yaks on the northern plateau of Tibet. Wild horses would hardly appeal to a civilized man as game, but wild camels might tempt a European, and there may be sport in shooting yaks. Mr. Hatcher of Princeton has just gone back to Patagonia to finish his explorations there, and though his interest lies mainly in stones, birds, and Indians, he too may discover something shootable. But Baffinland sounds best. Dr. Bell says that salmon abound there in the rivers of the eastern coast, and there are plenty of seals, walruses, narwhals, polar bears, and small whales. Baffinland turns out on investigation to be a single island 1100 miles long and from 200 to 500 miles wide. There are only two bigger islands on earth.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mr. George W. Smalley are not quite in agreement as to the attitude of the British toward the Americans. Colonel Higginson, who has been abroad this summer, expressed himself the other day in the New York *Herald* as of the opinion that while the English as individuals liked the Americans as individuals, and were most kind and hospitable to them, collectively, as a people, the English doubt and distrust the Americans, and are in turn by them distrusted. Colonel Higginson thinks it will always be so as long as Great Britain continues to affect the monarchical form of government. There can be no real fusion, he thinks, "until



ROBERT A. VAN WYCK (TAMMANY),
Mayor-Elect of Greater New York.—[See Page 1135.]



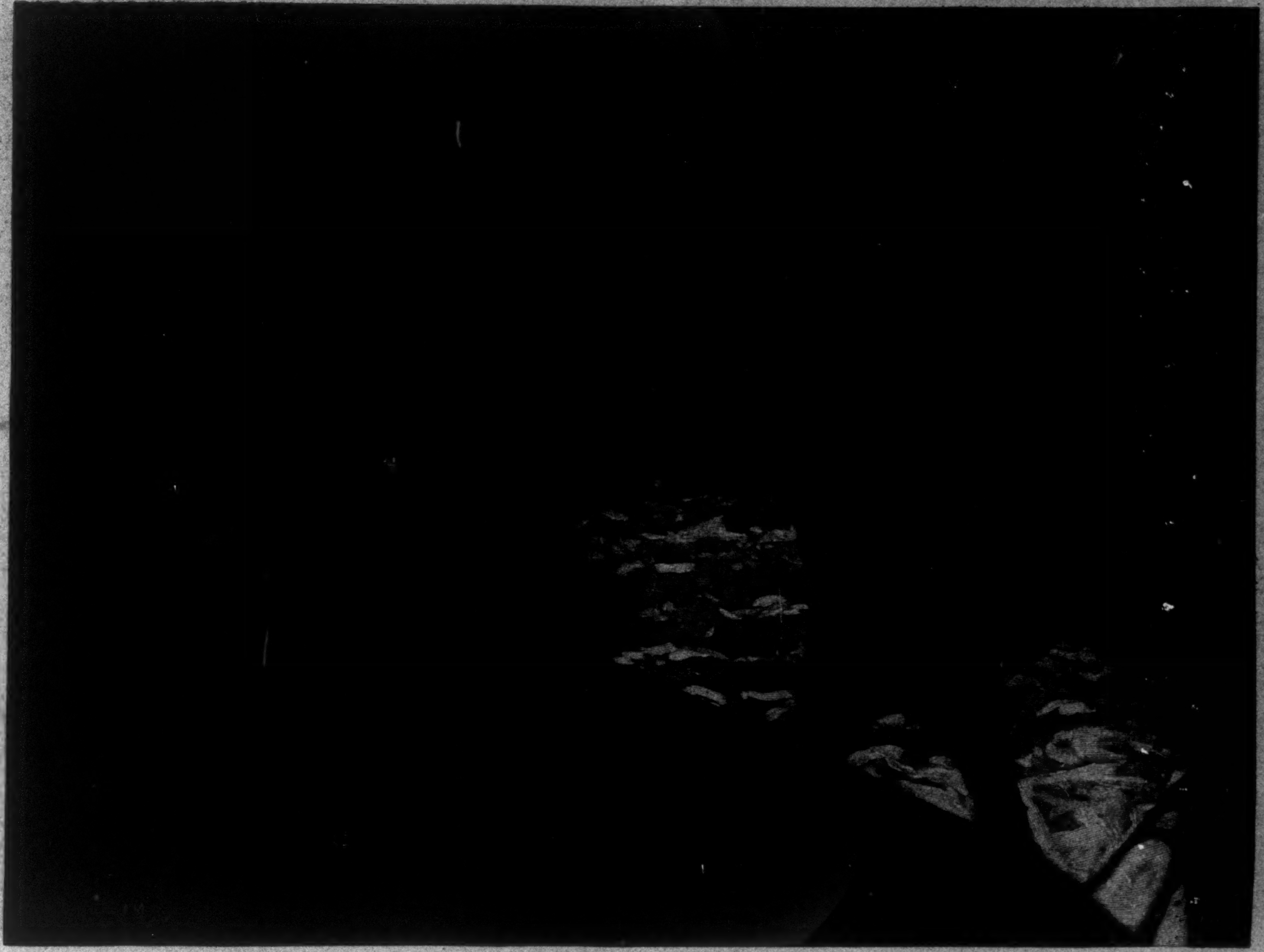
JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER (DEMOCRAT),
Elected Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, New York.—[See Page 1134.]

the last vestige of the monarchical principle shall have vanished equally from the soil of both."

Not so Mr. Smalley. Following Colonel Higginson at a week's distance in the *Herald*, he disagrees politely but firmly with all his conclusions. He says the British don't dislike the Americans, either individually or in bulk, and he supports that opinion by pointing to the difference in the British popular sentiment over Mr. Olney's threat to thrash Lord Salisbury and over the German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger. "I have lived in England a long time," says Mr. Smalley, "and I have just returned from a visit there. My belief is to-day what it always has been, that the feeling in England—of what is best in England, and of the vast majority of the English people—is one of permanent good-will to America and the American nation." As for the disappearance of the monarchical principle from British soil, Mr. Smalley has no expectation that that will ever happen. There is a party in England, he says, which wants to abolish the House of Lords because that is in the way of reforms, but no party or political body wants to abolish the crown, for the crown is not an obstacle to the acquirement of anything which any considerable body of Britishers desire.

E. S. MARTIN.

TRANSFERRING AND ENLARGING THE DESIGN FOR A MURAL PAINTING BY MEANS OF THE STEREOPTICON.—DRAWN BY A. B. WILLETT.—[SEE PAGE 1123.]



POLARITY.

A Tale of Two Brunettes.

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON.

I TOSSED my half-smoked cigar overboard. It had not availed to increase my courage, though lit for the purpose.

"Miss Durand," I began, desperately, with that painful fluttering of the heart which attends on most confessions, "do you know that I invited you out here with an object in view other than the mere inspection of my yacht?"

"Indeed?" The dark eyebrows lifted slightly, and the darker eyes glanced swiftly into mine, and dropped.

"Yes, and it was in furtherance of this object that I sent my sailing-master and the crew ashore for the new sails, and the steward for provisions, though both could wait."

"I thought you were ignoring the proprieties," she answered, with an increase of color. "I am sure every glass on the beach has been levelled at us."

"Perhaps—perhaps, Miss Durand; I am sorry if it will embarrass you, but I felt that I must see you alone, and that has been impossible since our first meeting. Do you know that I disliked you then?"

"Why, Mr. Townsend!" she exclaimed, sitting bolt-upright in the deck chair. "I did not know it. Is it kind of you to tell me this?"

"It is my own fault, not yours," I answered, hurriedly. "Let me explain." Then, while the beautiful face was half turned away from me, and the shapely fingers of one white hand were closing and unclosing nervously over those of the other, I blundered through a long explanation of a pet theory, arising from something I had heard or read in my boyhood, concerning the physiological hinderance to true love, or even agreement, when lovers happened to be of the same color of eyes and hair. I told her that my theory had been justified by experience and observation, that as a boy I had never been able to patch up a tiff or misunderstanding with a dark-haired girl, but that the sunny-haired kind were my friends because, I felt sure, I was a pronounced brunette myself, black-eyed and swarthy. Later I had noticed that all my married friends who seemed unhappily mated were of the same type—both blond or both brunette. "And, Miss Durand," I concluded, "I met you with this theory firmly intrenched in my mind, and avoided you for a while on general principles. I felt that we could never become friends. Then—do you know what changed me? I learned that you, in your life at sea with your father, had become a better sailor than I—which could not but impress an enthusiastic yachtsman. I enjoyed your conversation, cultivated your acquaintance, learned daily of new beauties of character, realized to the full all your sweetness and nobility of soul, and ended with a complete surrender and shattering of my theories. Miss Durand, you have conquered, captivated me—"

"Goodness!" she exclaimed.

I was fairly well launched into what I considered a dignified avowal of love when this remark cut me short. It was not in answer to me, however, as for an instant I thought. The yacht was heeling, and a cool pressure of swiftly moving air fanned our faces. Springing to my feet, I looked toward the shore. It was hidden by a blackish-gray wall of cloud, which also obliterated from view the mountain-top inland. The lower part of it was marked by slanting and nearly parallel darker lines of descending rain, and beneath it was a white, frothy turmoil of water.

"A squall," I said, "and a bad one. Better go below, Miss Durand, out of the wet. I'll stay on deck."

"What chain are you riding by?" she asked, with no regard to my advice.

"I don't know. Short, I believe."

"Pay out, Mr. Townsend; she will need it all." Miss Durand was compelled to scream this, as the squall was upon us. It became nearly as dark as night, and while the whistling fury of wind pelted us with horizontal rain, and my companion, indifferent to the drenching, clung to the binnacle, studying the compass and the direction of the blast, I fought my way forward toward the windlass. Urgent as was the need of prompt action, I could not but note, in passing her, the perfection of a figure, shown to me in all its harmony of swelling curve and rounded hollow as the wet, clinging fabric of her dress was pressed about her by the wind. She was not frightened, but the wide-open dark eyes and parted lips, showing but two of the white teeth, gave the lovely face an expression of sailorly anxiety, charming in her—this child of the sea. She was indeed, I thought, a creature to live and work and fight for, if not to die for.

"Go below, Miss Durand!" I shouted, as I covered the forecastle hatch; but she did not move. The yacht carried a modern windlass over a sprocketlike wheel, of which the chain led from the hawse-pipe to the locker below. I knew by the jarring vibration of the lever as I grasped it that the anchor was dragging. Unlocking the windlass, I let the chain run. It was too dark to see, and I could only guess at the shackles as they whizzed out; so after a conjectural thirty fathoms had been added to the chain, I tightened the compressor and held it. The anchor still dragged, and I let it run. Again I held it, and again felt the jarring of the anchor bounding along the bottom. It seemed to be striking rocks, and resolving to pay out all the chain at once, I loosened the compressor, took my hand off the lever, and stood up, confident, with amateurish confidence, that the end of the cable was secured to the pawl-post below. In ten seconds that end came up, barely cleared my face, dealt the deck a blow that sounded like a pistol report, and shot out the hawse-pipe in a glow of sparks. It was a lubberly oversight of my sailing-master's or mate's.

"We're adrift! I've slipped the chain," I shouted, running aft to Miss Durand.

I could not hear clearly in that howling wind all she said in reply, but I thought that some part of her answer formed a context to the word "fool," which I was sure I heard quite clearly. But she beckoned me close to her, and called in my ear:

"Hogback Reef is but a quarter-mile leeward. Come forward. We must get her before the wind. The wheel is hard-a-port."

What courage and self-possession she had! I understood her. The schooner was stripped to her spars, and the only plan was to stand forward as near the bows as we could, so that our bodies might catch the wind and throw her around before it. Then we could steer. We clung to the fore-stay, and watched the yacht swing broadside to the storm, but beyond that we could not turn.

"Lay out!" screamed Miss Durand.

I obeyed her, and, erect at the extreme end of the jib-boom, had the satisfaction of seeing the little schooner pay off. Dim and obscure in the gloom I saw the figure of Miss Durand staggering aft against the pressure of wind, and coming in, joined her. She had taken the wheel, and now called:

"Light the binnacle—quick. Then watch for the reef. I think we can clear it."

She steered with the wind on the port quarter, while I took the lamp below, lighted it, and replaced it in the binnacle. As I raised up she pointed to starboard. Hogback Reef, an outcrop of black rock in a swirling, boiling yeast of agitated water, was but a half-length away.

"We must let her drive, and keep off the bottom," she screamed. "I know the channel—east southeast now, and when we pass the beacon to port we can square away. Keep a lookout; I will steer."

I felt that steering would be more in keeping with my strength, and offered to relieve her, but she motioned me away, and I obeyed. I could not help it, for if I ever loved this suberb creature I loved her then—and worshipped her.

The yacht was charging along at about a ten-knot rate, and I watched through the darkness and foglike spindrift for the beacon-house. In five minutes it loomed up huge and shadowy on the port bow, and I pointed to it. She nodded, shifted the wheel, and called me to her.

"Due southeast for two miles now," she cried, in my ear; "then we are at sea. Will you steer? My arms ache."

I gladly relieved her. She had already found the course, and I held the yacht to it, while she leaned against the companionway and peered ahead. What was in her mind I could not guess. This squall had interrupted a proposal of marriage, which her womanly intuition must have apprised her was coming. And I had not put the

matter in shape to be answered, and surely could not until the wind moderated and our safety was assured. But there came to my mind the favorite situations in Clark Russell's charming sea stories—a young man and woman alone somewhere at sea, on a derelict, a raft, or an island—and from the resemblance of our own position to that of his characters drew hope and courage, for out of the perils of the sea grew most logically the loves of his heroes and heroines.

A curling, shallow-water sea was following the yacht, and the spray, colder than the summer rain, was chilling me to the bone. Miss Durand must have suffered more, and I called to her:

"Won't you go below? It is dangerous to expose yourself this way."

She moved to the binnacle, looked at the compass, and then at me, with eyebrows knitted.

"Keep her on the course!" she cried, sharply.

I was a point and a half off the course. Bowing to her in acknowledgment of my carelessness, I brought the yacht back, and repeated my advice.

"No," was her answer, "not with you at the wheel—not until we have sea-room."

This I thought was rather unkind, but I forgave her; she was wet, cold, and in a most embarrassing position.

The first violence of the squall had passed, and it grew lighter, enabling us to see landmarks each side and ahead; but a gray gale of wind was left, which drove us down the channel, past the spar-buoy off the light-house point—where the keeper came out and waved to us—past the channel buoy, which I would have run down had not Miss Durand screamed at me and assisted at the wheel, and out beyond the whistling-buoy that marked the entrance to the channel. We were at sea—a half-confident commodore of a yacht club, and a much out-of-sorts young woman—in a sailless schooner-yacht, with a scant supply of provisions and water. Yet I doubted not of our rescue; breezy old Captain Durand would charter every steam yacht and tug within reach of a telegram to search for his daughter, and I imagined what my blowing-up would be when I came within range of his quarter-deck vocabulary.

An off-shore sea was rising, and the little schooner began to heave unpleasantly. Miss Durand left her position, and asked, "Have you any canvas aboard—a storm mainsail or try-sail?"

"Not a rag," I answered. "I condemned every sail in the suit, and sold them yesterday for junk."

"Have you a sea anchor?"

"A sea anchor? I don't know. What is it?"

With a gesture of impatience she opened the companionway and went below.

"Poor girl!" I thought. "It certainly is enough to ruffle the sweetest of tempers. But what on earth is a sea anchor?"

She came up in a few moments, and said:

"I have rummaged for material. There are tools in the forecastle. You cannot use a hatch, and the cabin table is too small. You must take down a state-room door, bore holes in each corner, make a bridle and weight one side. There is a hawser in the forecastle that will answer for a riding-line. I will steer."

"What for? What do you want me to do?"

"Make a drag—to hold her head to sea. We are driving out too fast. When you have rigged and ridden to a sea anchor you will have an immense advantage. Your club will call you their admiral."

Not even the effort to make herself heard above the storm could qualify the contempt which she put into these words, and coming from her, for whom I am confident I would have given my life, it hurt me beyond expression. But I was of age, and with a certain experience of the world and of women, and I knew that without her respect I was valueless to her, and my love futile; and this respect I could not ask, I must compel it. So, with as much dignity as a man may assume while grinding a three-foot wheel right and left, I said:

"Miss Durand, I can understand and appreciate your superior nautical knowledge. I have often heard your father speak of you as a better sailor and navigator than himself, and I feel deeply culpable and sorry for our present position. I admit I am solely to blame. Yet I hope that I do not deserve all your sarcasm."

"Port! Port!" she answered, seizing the wheel. A choppy sea broke over the port quarter, drenching us both, and rolled forward. It was with difficulty that with her help I prevented the yacht broaching to. Again I had shown my incapacity, and my ears burned.

"Go to work," she said, sharply.

I relinquished the wheel to her, and went below, where, in an unenviable frame of mind, I ruined a mahogany state-room door with an auger. I could not remember all of her instructions, and was too proud to ask; but I possessed a fairly logical mind, and reasoned out the points in the contrivance as I progressed, and soon had it finished. In the forecastle was the tow-line she had mentioned, but I captiously decided not to use it. Hawsers should not be wet until necessary. I knew that much.

I brought the door on deck, with a shackle fast to the knob for a weight, unrove the fore throat-halyards, and bent it to the bridle I had rigged from the corners, in spite of her screaming protest that the rope was too weak.

"Miss Durand," I said, coldly but politely, as I struggled up to her against the wind, "I am the owner of this yacht and all the ropes on board. I am now ready. If you will kindly put the wheel over, I will throw out the drag as soon as we lose headway." She ground the wheel to starboard with a vigor and strength which surprised me, while her face assumed a stony expression. She was not beautiful in her present mood, and the shock of the change pained me, angry as I felt.

Sea after sea, green and solid, boarded the yacht as she rounded to and rolled in the trough, and I was twice knocked from my feet before I managed to launch the door over the bow and catch a turn with the line, which, by slacking with a taut strain, brought the bow slowly to the wind. When the whole length, about twenty fathoms, was out, I made fast, and two minutes later realized that I had made another mistake, and that Miss Durand was again right. The rope was too weak, and parted at the chock.

With an inward malediction on my stubbornness, I scrambled aft—past Miss Durand, whose impassive face was averted—and below, where, in a state of unstable equilibrium, I duplicated my work on the other door. The job took me an hour, for the yacht behaved like a cradle in the trough of the rising sea. Carrying the door up the companionway, flushed and fatigued from my exertions, I said to Miss Durand, with a poor show of politeness: "I need help to get that hawser up. Will you go down and light the coils out of the locker?"

She had lashed herself to the wheel-box grating, and, after a searching look into my face which puzzled me, undid the lashing and went below, while I staggered forward with my burden. Lifting the forecastle hatch, I received the end from her, and after a difficult quarter-hour's dragging—during which the forecastle was nearly flooded—had the hawser coiled on deck. With experience to guide me this time, I passed the end out the vacant hawse-pipe and back over the rail before bending on. Then, throwing the drag over as before, and slacking out all the line, I again brought the yacht's nose to the sea and made fast. Bound not to earn her criticism if I could help it, I wrapped the hawser snugly with canvas—parcelling, I think, they call it—and slacked this wrapping into the hawse-pipe to take the chafe.

The little schooner rode the seas nobly, and my chagrin at Miss Durand's attitude was replaced, in part, by a seamanly pride in the success of my efforts. She would share in the benefit, and *must* accord me a share in the credit. Though without her superb knowledge of the sea and of ships, I felt that I could be of use to her in this crisis, and selfishly hoped that our voyage would continue—long enough for me to offset, by intelligent work and devotion, my ridiculous blunder of slipping the chain. "She was educated at sea," I mused, "and places seamanship at the head of manly accomplishments. I have been found wanting in seamanship, consequently I have dropped in her esteem and must be punished." Miss Durand was almost forgiven; would have been wholly so had I been quite sure of my premises.

Mounting the fore-rigging, I searched closely the gray expanse of crested sea between myself and the rocky shore fast disappearing in the gloom of the evening. There was no sign of sail or smoke to indicate a search for us, and, descending, I went aft to Miss Durand, who was again seated on the grating. Her hat was blown away, and her hair sadly disarranged by the wind; she had not labored as I had—her lips were blue from cold and she shivered palpably. A great pity possessed me, and I forgot everything except that I loved her.

"Miss Durand," I exclaimed, "this will not do. You are suffering. We are in for a night at sea, but she rides easy. Go down, and I will stand watch. You will find food of some kind in the steward's pantry—and stimulants; you need them—and then go to bed. There are two state-rooms."

With a look in her eyes which might have meant anger or scorn or fright—or all three, so strange and unpleasant it seemed—she stood erect and drew back; then, with a little grimace which certainly indicated disgust and aversion, she passed me and went below.

Hurt beyond measure by her manner, incapable of connected thought, I took her place on the grating, where I sat until my limbs were stiff with cold; but I cared nothing for it; her insolence had fired my brain and numbed my heart. The chilly wind could not blow cold enough for me.

I heard the sound of rattling dishes, and knew that she was helping herself in the pantry; then darkness descended and the cabin became quiet. Though the gale was moderating, the sea was getting higher and the temperature lower, and at last, chilled to the bone by the wet and cold, I was forced to pace up and down. The exercise brought coherence to my thoughts, and I reviewed what had passed.

The searching scrutiny of my face when I had asked her to go into the forecastle, and, back of this, the stony expression of her own face when I had disagreed with her about the riding-line—these things certainly came of her distrust of my competence; but why was she so severe? Her dictatorial manner on the run out was strictly compatible with her superior seamanship, but why had she called me a fool? I was sure that she had—just for slipping the cable. Do accidents and mistakes never occur at sea? What had changed her so—she so kind and gracious, who had shown a preference for my society, so delicately indicated, yet so marked that it had led me to hope that she loved me—that had induced me to dare the conventionalities and ask for her hand on board my yacht; and that proposal—what had I said?

Slowly and painfully after the excitement, word by word my half-uttered declaration of love came back to me. "That was it," I groaned; "that upset her. I didn't finish, and up to the interruption it was grossest personal flattery. Great heavens! can I undo it? It was insulting, under the circumstances."

Before midnight I had decided what it was best to do—finish the tale of love at the first opportunity, and set my motives right; and no matter what her reception should be, to repeat it again and again, and assume such a dignity and treat her with such deference as would in time shame her out of her injustice to me—in short, to live it down. She was worth waiting for.

This question settled, other things demanded attention. I had not eaten for twelve hours, and was faint with hunger, and in danger of pneumonia from exposure. Then, too, we had been drifting half the night without showing a light. With as little noise as possible I procured the riding-light from the lamp-locker in the forecastle—luckily finding dry matches in a bunk—and ran with it up on the bight of the staysail-halyards, as I had seen done by my men. Going down the hatch again, and aft into the pantry, I made a substantial lunch, after warming myself with a glass of whiskey.

I now wanted a smoke; but the cigars in my pocket were sodden. Though there were pipes and tobacco in the sailing-master's room and the forecastle, I had always a distaste for another man's pipe, and knew that I should not like the tobacco. The thought of my own fragrant meerschaum and Turkish mixture on my state-room desk led me into the dark cabin, where I stopped short; for my way was impeded by wet skirts and other clothing hanging from lines stretched across the room.

With two to choose from, Miss Durand would hardly occupy my state-room. Her nautical mind would enable her to readily distinguish mine, by its appurtenances and position to port, from the vacant state-room to starboard. Yet I must make no mistake; I had blundered too much already. I remained perfectly quiet to make sure of her whereabouts by her breathing, but heard no sound other than the crashing of the water alongside. She was either a soft sleeper or she was wide awake, listening. The latter possibility decided me.

"Miss Durand," I called, softly, so as not to waken her if she *was* asleep, "are you awake? Which room are you in?"

There was no answer. She was evidently asleep, I thought, and probably—almost certainly—in the spare room. The craving for a smoke becoming stronger by the delay, I decided to step quietly into my room, secure the pipe, and decamp without disturbing her.

As I passed the threshold, a voice—a low, hard, unfeminine voice—said, "You scoundrel!" Then a deafening report filled my ears and my cap left my head, while the room was lighted by an instantaneous flash, which went out as it came, leaving blacker darkness behind. But the flash had disclosed to me a white, set face, with gleaming teeth between parted lips, and glittering eyes glancing along the barrel of a revolver held by a shapely hand, behind which—in the berth and half covered by the blanket—was a shapelier arm and swelling white shoulder and bust. She had taken my room, and guarded it with my own revolver, which had a place on the desk beside the pipe.

"Miss Durand," I shouted, "don't shoot me! I only wanted a smoke—my pipe and tobacco."

"Leave this cabin, as you value your life."

I left it and floundered into the forecastle, where I sat on a locker, trembling in every limb, perspiring at every pore, for ten minutes before capable of another voluntary action. If ever in my life I wanted a smoke I wanted it then, and when I could, fired up a sailor's pipe, felt of a furrow in my hair over a hot line of blistered scalp, and smoked feverishly. Under the influence of the tobacco I soon grew calmer and went on deck. There was nothing in sight, the lamp burned brightly, and the gale was going down, so I descended, for the cold wind seemed to cut me to the bone.

I sat on the locker smoking continuously until daylight, and in that time went through a process of retrospection and heart dissection that no man is equal to until face to face with some great calamity or loss. At first came a great sadness, and back of it were dead memories of our walks and dances and talks together, in which her sweet imperious beauty and gracious charm of manner appealed to me to make excuses—to forgive her. She was mistaken, but justifiably so. But oftener and oftener, as I brooded and called up these memories of the past, the loveliness and softness in the face of the vision I conjured would give way to the baleful combination of fear, suspicion, and destructive hate that I had seen by the pistol-flash. Then a fury of soul possessed me, and thoughts came to me of which I must not speak. Then melancholy, and weakness which brought tears; then a permanent calm. And in this calm I forced her face of beauty from me, and in its stead, enshrined in hatred, placed a picture that I meant would stay forever—a picture of gleaming teeth between parted lips, and glittering, murderous eyes in a white set face. Then, and not until then, I perceived the grim humor of the situation, and laughed long and loudly. It was a laugh that must have found an echo in the infernal regions.

At daylight I went on deck. The gale had become a gentle breeze, and the yacht rolled in the trough of a greasy swell, heaving seaward. The horizon was hidden by haze, here and there thickened to genuine fog, and overhead was promise of a bright day and sunshine. I took down the riding-light, hauled in the now useless sea anchor, and limbered my stiffened joints by smartly pacing the deck. In about an hour Miss Durand came up the companionway.

She had made the best toilet possible, but looked wretched and ill. Black half-circles were under her eyes, and her pale face, besides wearing the expression of discomfort following the recent donning of damp clothing, showed pinched and drawn, indicating a sleepless night. But any pity I might have felt for her as a woman was forbidden by the sight of my revolver tucked into her belt—obviously to keep me in order. With as sarcastic a smile as I could assume I advanced and said:

"Good-morning, Miss Durand. I see—pardon the allusion—that you are carrying side-arms to-day. Do you think you would like another shot—a daylight shot—at me?"

"Up to the time I heard you laughing, sir, I thought one shot might be enough. Be assured that the next time I shall aim lower than your cap."

"Thank you for the warning. I am to consider, I suppose, that you did not mean to kill me. As for laughing, Miss Durand," I added, seriously, "believe me I was not. It was a song that you heard—the swan song of a shattered ideal. But in your own behalf will you not say something—something that will explain or possibly excuse your shooting at a man who, up to that moment, would have defended your honor and safety with his life; a man whose only fault was the innocent one of entering his own room after satisfying himself by your silence that it was empty? It is all a mystery, and yet—I wish to be just."

"Mr. Townsend," she answered, in the incisive tone which none but well-bred women can assume, "prior to your admission that you had invited me on board your yacht and sent your crew ashore in order that I should be alone with you I thought you a gentleman; when you slipped the chain I merely thought you a fool, and, I believe, called you one in the excitement of the moment; but when you pretended ignorance of a sea anchor and then constructed one, when you purposely wasted one state-room door so that the other must be taken also, I concluded that you had purposely wasted your cable as well, and that you were a quick-witted villain, able and ready to take any advantage of time, weather, or circumstance to further your ends. As to my taking your room, it is due myself to say that I found the berth in the other drenched with water from the open dead-light above."

She had explained it all. On the evidence of a series of accidents she had judged me guilty of motives for which men have been lynched; yet her denunciation brought no increase of anger or humiliation; I was beyond reach of an insult from her now; only the terrible humor of it appealed to me, as before, and again I laughed, bitterly and sardonically.

"I see," I said. "To attempt to refute this would be pure folly. I shall go down now and cook our breakfast,

but I feel that after the experience of the night, and your expressed intention to aim lower, I must ask you to place my pipe and tobacco-bag on the cabin table, where I can get them without risking my life."

"You may cook what you wish for yourself," she answered, impassively; "I shall eat what I can find and when I please. Your pipe and tobacco-bag you will find in the binnacle, where you placed them yesterday."

In the binnacle! So I had—when we sat together at the anchorage and she had gently hinted that I smoke a cigar as less likely to scent her clothing. I looked in and found both, snug and dry.

"Miss Durand," I said, "I must assert, on my honor, whether you believe me or not, that I had forgotten this, and supposed them still in the state-room."

"That will do, sir; I do not care to discuss the subject." She turned her back to me as she said this, and I went forward; for there was nothing more to be said.

Down below I made a startling discovery. I had eaten all the cold meat I could find in the night, and there was no more of it; and beyond four or five potatoes, a small piece of bacon, a little coffee, and some crackers—just enough for a meal—there was no food in the yacht. Why the steward had allowed the provisions to get so low I could not understand; though he had spoken of the shortage, and I had gladly sent him ashore. Sounding the tank, I found it half full. "Water enough for a week," I thought, "if we do not waste it."

I lighted a fire, cooked what I had found, and set the table; then, stepping on deck, invited Miss Durand to precede me in eating her share, at the same time apprising her of the state of the larder. She walked away from me and looked over the taffrail without answering. Nothing could be done with such a girl, so I ate my breakfast—putting her half in the oven—and came up. She immediately descended, and I, smoking on the wheel-box, heard again the rattle of dishes. She was not going hungry. Soon an increase of smoke from the galley chimney told me of extra fire below.

An hour later she came up, arrayed in the yacht's ensign, which, with the pistol, she had belted around her waist with a piece of rope-yarn rove through the trigger-guard of the firearm. It was large enough to cover her, and, with her dark eyes and hair, I confessed to myself, made a tasteful combination of color. In one hand she carried a bucket of steaming water, and in the other her dress—a dark wash-fabric—and a piece of soap.

"Miss Durand," I said, as I realized her object, "allow me to suggest that we are not yet rescued, and are short of water as well as of food."

"Mind your own business," she snapped. "I am not going to look like a fright." I smiled and subsided. She washed the salt from the dress, rinsed it with more fresh water, rigged a clothes-line between the fore and main rigging, and hung it up, dripping, so that it would dry without creasing—a trick she must have learned at sea. Then she stood a moment, musing, and went down, coming up with more fresh water and a skirt, which she also washed and hung out. Down she went again—the spirit of wash-day was upon her—and appeared with other garments.

Beginning to wonder where this young woman would stop, I filled my pipe anew and took a position where I could gaze over the stern while she flitted back and forth from bucket to cabin, washing out and hanging up whatever was next on the list. When she descended at last and remained longer in the cabin, I ventured to peep forward. Flying in the morning breeze were frilled and beribboned garments—known, I believe, under the generic name of lingerie—a generous display.

Knocking the ashes from my pipe, I began pacing the deck. At the first turn I made out, directly astern, a black steamer. She was crossing our stern diagonally, fully three miles away—too far to see us with no canvas set. But she might see a flag. Miss Durand, who had come on deck again, also had observed her.

"We must signal," I said, as I approached her.

"You have a cannon."

"But no powder. You must go below, Miss Durand, and throw the ensign into the forecastle where I can get it." A blaze of scorn came from her eyes. "Go down below, Miss Durand," I continued, excitedly. "I will respect your privacy; I will return you the ensign or your clothes. Hurry, please!"

"I will not. What do you think?"

"Hang it!" I yelled. "Keep the pistol. Go below and take off the flag."

"I will not."

"Then, by heaven! I know what I'll do. I've been too long at sea with you." I quickly untied the after end of the clothes-line from the rigging, ran forward with it—clothes and all—and had fastened it to one end of the fore signal-halyards, when she said, close behind me, "You let my things alone!" Turning, I saw her struggling with the pistol, trying to stretch the string enough to enable it to bear on me.

"You murdering tigress!" I growled, insanely. "Kill me, will you?"

I hardly know what happened; but of this I am sure, for it is all I remember of my thoughts during the struggle: I used no more force than was necessary to twist the pistol from her hand and hold it while I undid the grannies' knot—which she, being a woman, had tied in the spun-yarn. Whether she meant to shoot me or not I cannot say, but my face felt the heat of the explosion which occurred as she resisted me, and I afterward found grains of powder imbedded in the skin.

She sank down on the cabin-trunk, holding her discorded raiment about her, and sobbing hysterically, while I ran the wash to half-mast, unbending the forward end of the line from the rigging, and letting it go up with the other part of the halyards. Three minutes later a cloud of steam left the steamer, followed by the faint toot of her whistle. We were seen, and I walked aft, too enraged to offer to lower the clothes.

Still sobbing, she arose, recaptured and donned her spun-yard belt, cast off the turns from the belaying-pin, and with shaking, bungling fingers hauled down on the signal-halyards and untied the knot at the lower end of the clothes-line. In doing so she released the other part of the halyards, and a fresher puff of wind coming with a weather-roll of the yacht, this part went aloft with a whir, jerking the end from her fingers just as she had cleared the knot. She sprang frantically to catch it, released her hold on the clothes-line, then turned and gazed blankly at her apparel dropping gently on the surface of the smooth swell thirty feet to leeward.

I was a man—though an angry one, and she a woman, conquered, frightened to tears, and arrayed in most inconventional raiment; and I would have rescued her clothing had I been able to; but both boats were ashore, I could not swim, and nothing on board would reach. Too proud to appeal to me, she seated herself again, with a face white and stony as marble—a statuelike image of misery and despair. Before the steamer was within hailing distance the last bubble from the sunken clothing had burst on the surface.

The steamer was one of the two-masted, single-funnelled passenger-boats which ply up and down the coast, and her rail was lined with men, women, and children as she surged up and stopped alongside.

"What's the trouble?" sang out a uniformed captain on her bridge.

"Blown out yesterday by a squall—no canvas, no grub, and very little water. Can you tow me in?"

"We're bound to Boston. How'll that do?"

"How far?"

"'Bout a hundred miles."

"Have you a stewardess on board?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I want a passage in for this lady, with what care and clothing she may require; and I want a man to help me steer, and grub and water for both. How much?"

He named a figure, which, though high, I was willing to pay and acceded to. The steamer's main-gaff was guyed out with one vang, the tackle of the other singled up, and a chair hung to the end and lowered to our deck.

"Now, Miss Durand," I asked, "are you ready?"

"I don't want to go," she moaned. "I cannot—I cannot—all those men." She burst out crying again.

"Miss Durand," I said, gravely, but firmly, "you must; there is no food on board. I am responsible for your being here, and will see that you are clothed and sent to your father; but you are responsible for your present condition, and also for the fact that I am anxious to end our association. I was about to ask you to be my wife when the squall prevented me. I am glad now that it did so. You have misunderstood my most innocent actions, insulted me, wronged me—as well as wronged yourself—and twice you have attempted my life. You must leave my yacht—for your own sake as much as for mine."

She dried her eyes with a corner of the flag, arose to her feet, and said, simply, though not humbly, "I will go."

Ten minutes later she had been swung over the steamer's rail, and a sailor with a breaker of water and a basket of assorted food was lowered in the chair. A hawser was then dropped to us, which we took in through the hawse-pipe, and one bell was rung in the engine-room.

"Say," called the captain, as the steamer forged ahead, "what colors did you signal with? I couldn't make 'em out."

Hesitating for a moment, I answered, "Flags of all nations."

But I doubt that he understood, though a peculiar buzzing sound, as of collective laughter, arose from the group of passengers nearest to Miss Durand.

Next morning, at Boston, I handed my yacht over to a care-taker, and telegraphed my sailing-master to come on with the crew and sails. On inquiry, I learned that Miss Durand had found friends on the steamer, who fitted her out and sent her home to her father.

I met that breezy old man later on, and was prepared for anything from a broadside of abuse to a caning; but, to my amazement, he thanked me warmly for my chivalrous care of his daughter and congratulated me on my skill in handling the yacht, particularly as regarded the rigging of the sea anchor; which chivalry and skill I did not dare disclaim.

I have also met Miss Durand—in society—charming, gracious as ever she had been; and actually received an apology and plea for forgiveness, which I cheerfully granted, as I had long since overcome my resentment and measured the trouble by my discarded theory—now reclaimed and firmly enthroned. And as time went on I found, by certain indications in her eyes and voice, that my former attentions might be welcome, that, in spite of the brutality of conduct she had forced me to, I had not lost ground in that trip, but, on the contrary, seemed to stand higher than ever in her estimation. Was it because she had reasoned out the injustice she had done me, or was it because I had proven—animal-like in my strength and rage, yet thoroughly—that mine was the master-nature, and that she, queenly woman that she was, needed this proof before her love was possible? I do not know. The question involves the inscrutability of the feminine heart—a problem that antedates human experience and is not yet reduced to law.

I have a wife now. She is timid and gentle, with the shiniest of golden hair and bluest of eyes. She likes yachting, is anxious to learn of the sea, and I teach her all that I know (she has just mastered the theory of sea anchors).

SEATTLE.

BY ERASTUS BRAINERD,

Secretary of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce.

The State of Washington is a lusty young empire three-fourths as large as New York and Pennsylvania combined; pierced by a river second only to the Mississippi; containing a peaceful sea appropriately called the "Mediterranean of the West"; knitted together by nearly three thousand miles of steel rails, which carry the trains of three transcontinental railroads; having half a million people; now producing annually three billion shingles, over a billion feet of lumber, about twenty-five million bushels of wheat, and thirty million pounds of canned salmon; also producing or manufacturing in ample quantities her own dairy products, fruit, meat, poultry, game, cereals, coals, woollens, leather, ships, and most articles that go to make *imperium in imperio*.

Seattle, the county seat of King County, is the financial and industrial centre of the State, and proudly calls itself the "Queen City of the Northwest," and also, by a "slight derangement of epitaphs," the "Phœnix City of the Evergreen State."

Both good fortune and misfortune have visited Seattle. A historic fire in 1889 swept her practically out of existence; 1890 saw a "boom" which put her on the highest wave of prosperity. The "panic" nearly crushed the city to the ground. Since then she has husbanded her resources, created local manufactures, established foreign commerce, and had settled down to business, when the Federal government took an active interest in her and began to consider the establishment of great public works, involving heavy expenditures. Then came the "Klondike," and Seattle outfitted nearly seven thousand men, sent sixty-four vessels northwards in sixty-eight days, and increased her local trade nearly a million dollars in a month. To-day the city is on a solid foundation of material prosperity, with a growing and brightening future.

In good times and bad times Seattle's citizens have had a habit of standing shoulder to shoulder, making the concern of one the concern of all—making civic pride the plea for a union of opposing local interests, even to the abandonment of all party lines and personal ambitions.

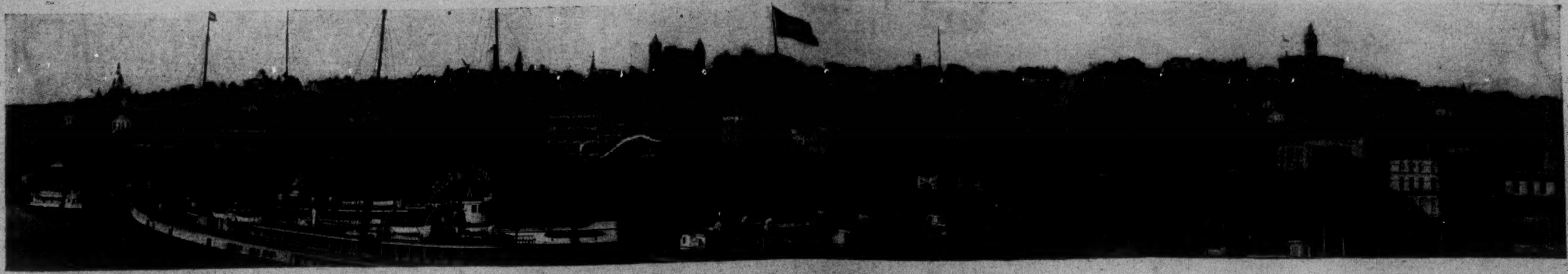
Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in his *Studies of the Great West*, has said that the "Western man is the Eastern or the Southern man let loose, with his leading-strings cut." The Seattle man is this emancipated Easterner, who, living on the sea-shore, yet breathes the air of the mountains. He has the commercial instinct and business energy of the seaport dweller. His lungs are filled with the enthusiasm, the tirelessness, the boldness, of the mountaineer. The "Seattle spirit" is used as a word of inspiration from San Francisco to Victoria. Some years ago, finding that the Northern Pacific Railroad would not make Seattle its terminus, the men, women, and children of Seattle turned out and actually built several miles of road. Subsequently Seattle did succeed in securing the construction of over two hundred miles of what is now the Seattle and International, over whose tracks the Canadian Pacific enters Seattle. Again, the Northern Pacific not giving Seattle terminal rates, her merchants united and shipped nearly every ounce of their goods by steamer to Vancouver. They won again, and now the Northern Pacific tracks enter Seattle. Finally, when James J. Hill undertook to bring his Great Northern system to the Pacific coast, the palm of merit was awarded by him to Seattle over any other city, so that to-day Seattle has three transcontinental railroads on her water-fronts.

In topography Seattle is, one may fairly say, blessed. It would be difficult to find a scene comparable to the panoramic views which can be obtained in Seattle. The city sits upon more hills than Rome, on the lowest ridge of the abrupt descent to salt water, of the Cascade Range, whose summit lies not eighty miles to the east, and stands up nearly one mile high; to the west, less distant, the bold, well-named Olympic range rises, its highest peak reaching up clean-cut against the sun nearly 10,000 feet. At either end of the amphitheatre a giant sentinel stands—Mount Rainier on the south, dome-shaped, a rarer vision of beauty than the "White City" at Chicago, apparently almost floating nearly three miles up in the sky; in the north stands Mount Baker, sharp-pointed, and scarcely inferior to old Rainier. In front of the city are the calm deep waters of Puget Sound, the island-dotted inland sea, with 1594 miles of shore-line. On it shipwrecks are unknown, and at Seattle it is barely half a dozen miles wide. Nestling back of Seattle is Lake Washington, a body of purest mountain-fed water, navigable for twenty-five miles of its length and the four of its width, connected by a narrow canal with Lake Union, a tarn-shaped body little more than a mile in diameter, lying wholly within the city limits, and pouring its overflow into Salmon Bay, an inlet of Puget Sound. Seattle's hills are four hundred feet in height at their highest point above lake and sound. On such a site and in such scenes it is not surprising that a city has been built. First settlement was made in 1852.

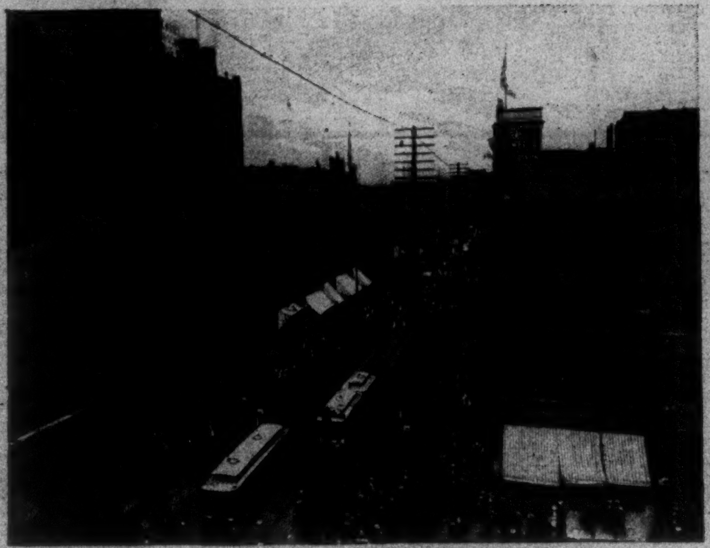
In climate Seattle is peculiar. When Eastern cities in the same latitude as Seattle are shivering under their white mantles of snow, the Seattle man joyously exclaims, "Roses are in bloom here." This is true. When the sun in the summer solstice pours down his burning rays and melts the perspiring New-Yorker or Philadelphian, the Seattle man proudly exclaims, "I am sleeping under blankets." He speaks the truth. The variation of sunshine and showers in winter here is like that of early spring on the Eastern coast. The rain is soft and gentle. No bitter cold winds blow, and the rain is not driven into your very marrow. Best of all, that lethal personification, "General Humidity," who drives the New-Yorker in summer to Coney Island or Newport, is unknown here. So too are thunder and lightning practically unknown. During seven years it has not been necessary to change the weight of under or over clothing. The official figures show a minimum average annual temperature of twenty-two degrees above zero, and an annual average of 51.4. The mean minimum for the three summer months is fifty degrees. It is a climate which suits nearly all but the consumptive, and is beneficial to the nervous invalid.

The commerce of Seattle has virtually sprung into being in the past six years; and here it may be noted that her assessed valuation is over $31,000,000, and that last year her volume of business was $15,282,000. Before that time her shipping business was confined chiefly to coal, which she supplies to San Francisco from mines a score of miles away, and lumber, which she ships to all points of the world, from Liverpool to Chile and South Africa, and to a large coastwise trade North and South. With the entrance of three transcontinental railroads and their consequent competition foreign commerce began, though the city had for some time had regular shipments to South Africa. With the growth of industries which more than supplied the local market, new outlets had to be found for her products. The first was Central America, with which regular commerce is carried on. Last came the selection of Seattle as the American port of the *Nippon Yusen Kaisha*. The nearness of the Japan Current, the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, gives a great advantage in time of ships for the Orient. Last year Seattle employed about two thousand five hundred men in 134 factories, and produced about five and a half million dollars' worth of manufactured products—$5,497,000 are the figures. In these factories were made boilers and beer, cars and cigars, furniture and flour, ink and ice, leather and lithographs, machinery and mustard, pickles and pork products, saws and spices, among many other articles which go to make up the industrial life of a city.

Where commerce exists shipping lives, and it has done so at Seattle, where nearly a score of vessels were built last year. At the head of the ship-building industry is



THE CENTRAL PART OF SEATTLE, FROM THE WATER-FRONT, LOOKING EAST.



FRONT STREET—THE LEADING RETAIL STREET.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY.

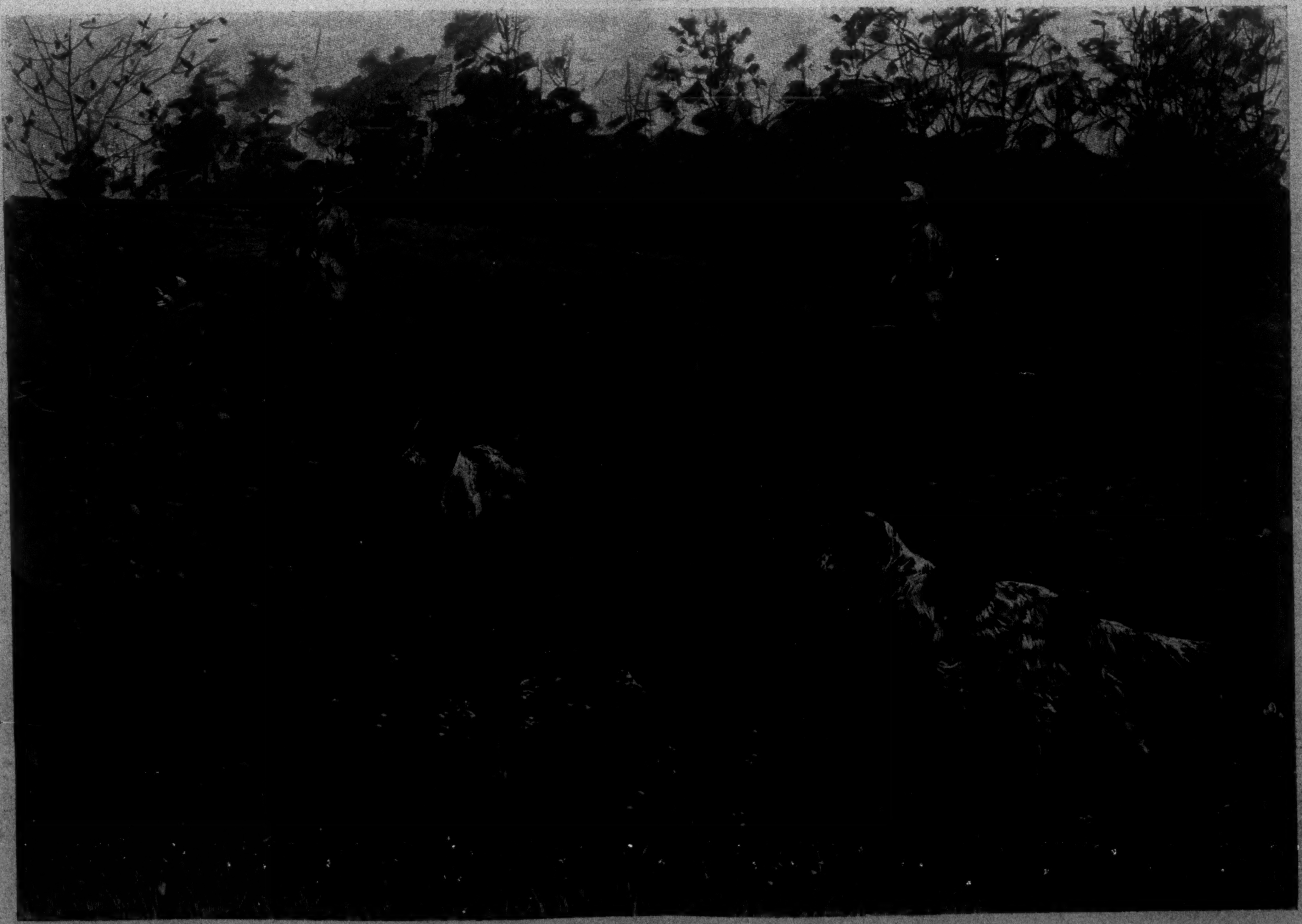
LESCHI PARK—TERMINUS OF ONE OF THE STREET-CAR LINES.

VIEW OF LAKE WASHINGTON, LOOKING EAST TO THE CASCADE RANGE.

A TYPICAL RESIDENCE STREET.

LAKE UNION, FROM THE NORTHEASTERN PART OF THE CITY.

IN AND ABOUT SEATTLE.—[See Page 1127.]



QUAIL-SHOOTING.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

a large, well-equipped, and modern ship-yard, which has already built a revenue vessel for the Federal government, and has nearly finished a torpedo-boat of 170 tons for the "New Navy." In addition to the government contracts, this year four steamers for the Yukon trade have been built. Besides this, there are a number of local yards in and adjacent to Seattle where a fleet of merchant vessels have been built to meet the growing commerce of Puget Sound, whose shipments as a customs district have this year already amounted to nearly eleven and a half million dollars in exports and imports. It may be noted that in 1877 no vessels went to Alaska from Seattle. This year, owing to the Klondike business, sixty-five vessels left Seattle in sixty-eight days for Alaskan ports. They ranged from 3000 tons, carrying 800 passengers, down.

A word as to the gastronomic charms of Seattle. Of the delicacies to be found in Fulton and other markets in New York the pompano and the terrapin are almost the only ones absent. Caviare is shipped to Russia from this State. There are such apricots, nectarines, and prunes as the New York market seldom sees.

The "black cod," *Anaploma fimbria*, which is peculiar to this coast, is a fish equal to the pompano as a delicacy. What would the Eastern gourmet say to a soft-shell crab over a foot in diameter, from which the fat may be taken by the table-spoonful? That is the crab of Puget Sound. The "canvas-back," abounds. Fat buck venison can be had at five cents a pound, and superior elk meat, whose supply amply equals the demand. Three species of trout are in every one of the streams which pour into the sound, while the still gamier black bass is not infrequent. Pineapples, pomegranates, and cocoanuts, tropical fruits of many kinds, which we get here from Hawaii, are also plentiful. Mountain mutton, it may be said, is as good as the best Southdown or Scotch.

Socially Seattle is still in a transition stage, but perhaps not more so than any city not half a century old. The social attribute or function which is most highly organized is charity. What is known as "the Buffalo plan" has been adopted. An orphans' home and a children's home take care of the little waifs. There are two fine, well-equipped hospitals. Though death is hardly a "social function," it should be noted that no city in the United States with over 10,000 population, except Omaha, has so low a death-rate as Seattle. It is a healthy city, due chiefly to the even climate and fine drainage. Its most marked feature is the absence of those diseases of children which in Eastern cities may be said to be epidemic.

A pleasant social club, the Rainier, makes an agreeable centre for most of the leading men of the city, and its business interests are looked after by an active Chamber of Commerce. The Harvard Club here is larger than its namesake in Philadelphia. It may be mentioned that the city government is under comprehensive civil service rules. It provides an excellent free public library, and admirable police, fire, and park departments. The fullest executive power and responsibility rest on the Mayor. In the lighter and more agreeable aspects of society Seattle will stand comparison with older cities. Musical clubs, Shakespeare, Browning, French, magazine, general reading, an art students' league, and other like clubs offer diverse intellectual attractions to women. Tennis and golf clubs flourish, and the Athletic Club has upwards of a thousand members.

Established here are a United States army post, court, custom-house, engineer's office, internal-revenue office, land-office, light-house, marine hospital service, naval pay-office, revenue marine station, recruiting-office, steam-boiler-inspector's office, and weather bureau, while the State University located here has a military instructor, and near Seattle lies the great Port Orchard dry dock and naval station. This dry dock is the largest in the United States, and the third largest in the world. The desire to protect so necessary an adjunct to the Navy Department, as well as to defend the great wealth aggregated at Seattle and elsewhere on the sound, has led to recommendations—and in part to adoption—by leading officers of both army and navy, of Federal projects of great public importance.

An army post, at which a full regiment of artillery is to be stationed, has already been located on a bluff four hundred feet high. To secure the establishment of this post the citizens of Seattle last year contributed $30,000 to purchase land, and the work is now going on.

An important question before the Navy Department to-day is, What is the most economical method by which our steel vessels can be preserved in readiness for any emergency call?

The answer to this question involves the following conditions: A clear fresh-water basin of uniform depth, not exposed to freshets, strong currents, or heavy winds; this basin to be accessible at all times and all stages of tides, conditions of weather and seasons; the basin to be located near a navy-yard which is capable of docking and repairing our largest battle-ships, and to be within the limits of a large manufacturing centre, in order that material, skilled labor, and mechanics may be had at any and all times. A high naval authority, whom I quote, says: "In Lake Union," within Seattle's city limits, having an area of over five hundred acres of deep water, "all of the requirements of a naval basin will be found. Here battle-ships and vessels of all kinds could lie quietly at their moorings, in depths suitable to the draught of the vessel, and fear not the elements and ravages of time. Hundreds of ships could be safely housed here within the finest ideal spot upon this globe, the like of which does not exist to-day in any clime."

It is known that ships for Liverpool, for example, become fouled by marine animal and vegetable growth to such an extent on their outward passage as to delay a return passage from twenty to thirty days, causing an expense of from $1600 to $6000 on each trip.

Lake Union is only fourteen miles from Port Orchard dry dock. A vessel can be docked, put in perfect order, then steam to the entrance to Lake Union, and in a few hours be safely moored in a fresh-water basin.

Puget Sound can be entered with perfect safety under all conditions of wind and weather. There is no bar, and vessels of any draught can enter at any time. Vessels once within the strait of Juan de Fuca are protected from heavy outside gales and seas, and can proceed at will to any port within the sound.

The sole condition requisite to make Lake Union a naval basin would be the cutting of a canal. Such a canal has been recommended or endorsed by distinguished engineers of the United States for the last forty years. The first suggestion of the kind was made by General (then Major) George B. McClellan in 1858. This was followed by endorsements from General Nelson A. Miles, by General John Gibbon, and others. In 1891 Congress authorized the President to appoint a board of engineers to make an exhaustive examination of the subject. They reported favorably, and an appropriation was made for a survey and estimates of the cost, and since then for future work, while King County has condemned the land for the route. Lake Washington is nineteen miles long, two miles wide, and has an area of nearly thirty-nine miles, of which probably 22,000 acres cover a depth of twenty-five feet or more, while depths of 600 feet have been observed. The connection of its waters with Lake Union is also under consideration, and would result in the creation of a great landlocked fresh-water harbor, greater in extent and completeness of harbor facilities than those of any three of the largest cities in the world. When that time comes Seattle will be in a position comparable to that of New York, with Long Island Sound on one side and the Hudson on the other, except that Seattle's harbor facilities will then be superior to those of New York, and should lead to a speedy growth, in comparison with which its past growth has been unimportant.

JEWISH COLONIES IN PALESTINE.

Zion, Jerusalem, Palestine, have been the theme of psalmist and prophet ever since King David brought the "Ark of the Covenant" to his capital. Even from Abraham's day Canaan was the "Promised Land" to his descendants, and the realization of that hope made it the Holy Land. With the destruction of Solomon's Temple and Judah's exile to Babylon the sighing for the return to Zion began. These hopes were embalmed in the speeches of the prophets and in the songs of the poets, and although they were partially realized by the building of the second temple, their reception into the canon of Scripture preserved them for later ages. When the Temple was destroyed by the Romans, toward the end of the first century, the "dispersed of Judah" were scattered far and wide; and when the final effort at independence, the rebellion of Bar-Cochba, failed, in the next century, few and hopeless were the Jews who still remained in Palestine.

But the exiled children of Israel still turned their eyes longingly towards their ancient land, and once more they conned the promises of the patriarchs, studied the prophecies of restoration, and sang the songs of Zion as they sighed for the return. The ritual of the synagogue reflected in plaintive melody and measured cadence these long-cherished hopes, and faithfully they prayed in the ghettos of Europe: "This year we observe our festival here; may we celebrate it next year in Jerusalem!" Centuries passed, and the restoration seemed no nearer than before. Some self-styled Messiahs arose from time to time, ready to lead the hosts of Israel back to Zion, but each one merely added to the list of failures.

Less than a century ago Judaism entered upon a new phase in Germany. The reform movement, which has since spread to America, abandoned the idea of a personal Messiah, discarded the national idea, and substituted for the restoration ideal the ideal of a Messianic age, in which all men should worship the true God and live in peace and good-will. This brief sketch of the history of the Zionistic ideal, its acceptance by the orthodox and abandonment by the reform wing, is necessary if the present agitation is to be properly understood. No one denies the religious origin of Zionism, but its latest form is an attempt to re-establish the Jewish state upon economic, not religious grounds. It is the first attempt to accomplish the purpose in this way, though by no means the first effort to establish colonies of Jews in Palestine.

More than fifty years ago Sir Moses Montefiore, the great English philanthropist, raised the subject of planting agricultural colonies in Palestine, but almost forty years had to pass before the first of these settlements was made. It was not until 1867 that the Turkish government permitted Jews to acquire land in Palestine, and in 1870 Charles Netter founded an agricultural school in Jaffa. It languished at first, but finally was taken in charge by the Alliance Israélite Universelle, an international society of Jews, which has exerted a beneficent influence upon oppressed Israelites, chiefly through educational work. This school is now well organized, having a course of instruction extending over five years, teaching the ordinary branches and the practice and theory of agriculture. It is called Mikveh Israel (the Gathering of Israel), counting among its hundred pupils natives of Palestine, Turkey, Egypt, Russia, Roumania, and Galicia. Its graduates have become the leaders of the colonies planted in Palestine and of some of those sent to Argentine by Baron de Hirsch. A large variety of crops is raised on the six hundred acres constituting the farm school proper. All kinds of vegetables and fruits are sent to the markets of Alexandria, Beirut, and Jerusalem, and oranges and pomegranates are shipped to Germany and England. The vine is extensively cultivated, so that the pupils may master every detail of wine-making.

The first agricultural settlement, Pethach-Thikvah (the Gate of Hope), was made in 1878, but it failed miserably, and its colonists returned to Jerusalem, whence they had come. Hitherto the ideal of the "return" was the only impulse directing the Jews towards Palestine, and it had resulted in nothing. Their enemies were to be more effective.

When the persecutions of the Jews became severe in Roumania, in 1879, they naturally turned to the Holy Land, and in the following year two agricultural villages, Zichron-Ja'akob and Rosh-Pinah, were established. These colonists suffered many privations and hardships at first, for few of them knew anything about agriculture, as they had been merchants and mechanics in their former home; but gradually they adapted themselves to the new life, and at present these villages are most prosperous. There are a thousand persons living on the five thousand acres of land belonging to Zichron-Ja'akob. The chief products are wine, sesame and barley, fruits, honey, and silk. The latest improvements in agricultural methods have been adopted. The village has bought and uses in common a steam-plough and steam-mill. It has its own water-works; the streets of the town are paved; it has a nursery for raising young plants, and large cellars for the storage of wine. Near it, and almost a part of the larger settlement, is Tantura, where thirty families live, supporting themselves chiefly by laboring in a large glass-factory, but also cultivating the soil to some extent. The four hundred colonists of Rosh-Pinah cultivate over sixteen hundred acres of land. Besides the universal vine and mulberry-tree, they pay special attention to acacia-trees, the blossoms of which are used in the large perfumery-factory here. Here, too, is the centre of silk manufacture, the silk-worms from the other colonies being brought to the steam-mill of Rosh-Pinah for spinning and weaving. Doubtless colonization in Palestine would have advanced very slowly had it not been for anti-Semitic persecutions. The year 1881 saw Russia in the throes of Jewish oppression, and some of the exiles turned hopefully towards Palestine. The abandoned land of Pethach-Thikvah was reoccupied, and a new colony, Rishon l'Zion, founded in 1882. Both of these colonies are now thriving, making more than half a million gallons of wine every year, besides having thirty thousand mulberry-trees for the silk-worms, and thousands of trees bearing figs, apples, pomegranates, almonds, and oranges. Organizations were now started in Russia itself to aid in opening more settlements. A society of the students of the universities of Odessa, Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Harkov was formed, which resulted, in 1884, in the colony Gadarah, or Katra, where some hundred students cultivate the vine and fruits and manufacture cognac. It has become an intellectual centre, producing more than one valuable contribution to letters and science, written in classical Hebrew. An international Russian society was also formed, Ohavé Zion (Friends of Zion), whose chief purpose is the support of the Palestinian colonies. Hardly a year passes without the foundation of one or more colonies, until now there are twenty-three of these agricultural settlements. There are about six thousand colonists, who have a hundred thousand acres of land under cultivation. While the chief products are wine, silk, and fruits, each colony has some specialty. Jessud-Hama'alah, for instance, cultivates roses for the manufacture of perfumery; Merom has 24,000 olive-trees; another devotes special attention to cattle-raising, and those colonies east of the river Jordan raise large quantities of wheat. When the colonists first arrive they live in rude huts of thatch or straw, but before a season is over they erect substantial stone dwellings; each colonist has his own kitchen-garden near his home, and with poultry, a horse and wagon, and a cow he lives in comfort and security undreamt of in Roumania or Russia. As a colony prospers it sends out smaller colonies in the neighborhood, much as a tree puts forth shoots. For instance, Wadi-el-Chanin was settled only ten years ago, but it is now the centre of eight little villages having 1500 inhabitants.

These results have been accomplished by the expenditure of vast sums of money, coming from philanthropists of wealth like the Rothschilds, and from the poor colonists and their humble friends. The suffering has sometimes been intense, due to the poor selection of the immigrants and their inefficient leaders. It is now proposed to inaugurate new methods for a large and systematic colonization of the land on both sides of the Jordan. This is to be done by the organization founded a month or more ago by Dr. Theodor Herzl. Dr. Herzl is a gifted journalist of Vienna, who published a little book, *Die Juden Staat* (The Jewish State), a year ago. In it he advocated the re-establishment of the Jews as a nation in Palestine. He proposed to purchase the land from the Sultan and establish a Jewish democracy. He claims that the condition of the Jews in Galicia, Russia, Roumania, and even Austria and Germany is unbearable, and that there is no cure for anti-Semitism except the founding of a Jewish state. The sensation created by his book was world-wide, some agreeing with him, others bitterly opposing his plan. In conjunction with Dr. Max Nordau, Dr. Herzl sent out a call for an international conference of Jews to be held in Munich last August, but the Jews of Munich were so hostile to his plan that the convention met in Basle, Switzerland, August 29, 30, and 31. It was attended by two hundred who favored the enterprise, but, to the general surprise, the state idea was almost obliterated, the convention deciding to found a bank and company for the development and colonization of Palestine systematically and rapidly. Dr. Herzl has had to contend with the opposition of both the orthodox and reform Jews. It was to be expected that the latter would not favor his plan, because they hold that Israel is no longer a nation, but that Judaism is one of the world's religions, whose mission is to become the world religion. But many of the orthodox Jews opposed "Herzlism" (as it has been called), because he assigns economic and not religious grounds for his movement. Some of them are willing to close their eyes to the reasons which he gives, and gladly accept the result, thinking that this may be one of the indirect methods of Providence for restoring Israel to the Promised Land. Others who still hope for a restoration are utterly opposed to the plan of purchasing Palestine, deeming it best to wait and pray for the time when, by international agreement, the Holy Land will be given back to the Jews. Some of the reform element sympathize with Dr. Herzl, because they see no hope of bettering the condition of the Jews in eastern Europe, and think that his plan may offer a way out. Others claim that the whole agitation can do nothing but harm. They say that the Christian world will not surrender its most sacred spots to the Jews even if the Sultan of Turkey were to agree to the sale. They add that the contest with anti-Semitism must be fought out to the bitter end, until the Jew is regarded as the equal of every other man. They point to the reality of the emancipation of the Jew in England and America as evidence that such an emancipation is possible, contending that it will finally come, even in Russia.

Since the Basle conference put aside the state idea the movement has gained more sympathizers, especially in the United States. Each week notices appear of meetings held in Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large cities, at which support is pledged to the Zionistic movement. Many of those attending these meetings are men and women who have been driven out of their European homes by stern opposition, and naturally sympathize with any movement which sheds a ray of hope upon the darkness of the anti-Semitic persecutions; but it must be confessed, even by the opponents of the plan, that it is gaining support on every hand.

Clifton Harby Levy.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

ON this second cruise three ships from Spetzas crossed straight over to the Peloponnesus to assist in the blockade of Monemvasia, which was besieged by land by a freshly enrolled body of men from the southern peninsula, chiefly from Sparta and the outlying portions of Argos. The town was known to be very wealthy, and the commander of the Greeks, finding that until communication by sea was intercepted it was impossible to starve the town out, while his own force was inadequate to storm it, had invited the co-operation of the fleet, stipulating that a third of the spoil taken should go to the soldiers, one-third to the fleet, and one-third to the national treasury. But scarcely had the ships arrived when quarrels began to break out between the sea forces and the land army; a spirit of mutual mistrust and suspicion was abroad, and the soldiers, on the one hand, accused the fleet of making a private contract with the besieged, to the effect that their lives would be spared and themselves conveyed to Asia Minor in ships on the surrender of their property, while the sailors brought a counter-accusation that there was a plot on foot among the infantry to attempt to storm the town and carry off the booty before they could claim their share. Every one looked after his own interest, and the only interest that was quite disregarded was the interest of the nation. But to the soldiers more intolerable than all was the conduct of three primates from Spetzas, who took upon themselves the airs and dignities which the Greeks had been accustomed to see worn by Turkish officials; and though to a great extent this war was a religious war, yet the peasants had no mind to see the places their masters had occupied tenanted anew by any one.

This example of the island primates was to a certain extent followed by their brethren on the mainland. There had sprung into existence in the last month or so two great powers in Greece, the army and the Church—to the cause of which the people were devoted—and the primates who before the Turkish supremacy had been temporal as well as spiritual princes wished to see themselves reinstated in the positions they had held. Many of them, too, such as Germanos at Patras, had worked with a true and simple purpose for the liberation of their country, and now that the people were beginning to reap the fruits of their labors they looked to receive their due, and their demands, on the whole, were just. But never were demands made on so unseasonable an opportunity; for while the military leaders shrugged their shoulders, saying, "This is our work as yet," they obtained but a divided allegiance, for the people were devoted to their Church. The result was a most unhappy distrust and suspicion between the two parties. The primates openly said that the object of the military leaders was their own aggrandizement, to the detriment of others' interests; the military leaders, that their revered friends were interfering in concerns which were not their own. Even greater complications ensued when the primates themselves, as in the case of Germanos, were men who fought with earthly weapons, and he, taking strongly the side of the Church as against the army, was the cause of much seditious feeling.

The personal ascendency of Petrobey and Nicholas was a large mitigation of these evils in the case of the army at Tripoli, but both felt that their positions were unsettled, depending only on popular favor, and matters came to a crisis when Germanos himself came to the camp from Patras with an armed following. To do the man justice, it was jealousy for the Church, not the personal greed of power, which inspired him as a prince of that body and a vicar of Christ. He had invested himself with the insignia of his position. But it was the royalty of his Master, and not His humility, which he would fain represent; and if he had remembered the entry of One into His chosen city, meek and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass, he would have acted more in the spirit of his King.

Not as such entered Germanos into the camp. Before him went a body of armed men, followed by six acolytes swinging censers; then the cross-bearer, holding high his glittering silver symbol, wrought but lately, and on which Germanos had lavished the greater part of the booty which had been his at the taking of Kalavryta; and then, borne on a chair on four priests' shoulders, the Archbishop himself. His head was bare, for in his hands he carried the gold vessels of the sacrament, those which the Emperor Palæologus had given to the monastery at Megaspélaion, and over his shoulders flowed his thick black hair just touched with gray. His cope, another priceless treasure from his own sacristy, was fastened round in front of his neck with a gold clasp, set with one huge ancient emerald, and it covered him from shoulder almost to foot, all shimmering white, of woven silk, and with a great gold border of pomegranates, and below showed the white line of the alb and the border of his purple silk cassock. Behind came another priest, carrying the office of the Church bound in crimson leather with gold clasps, and the remainder of his armed guard followed—in all three hundred men.

It was an act of inconceivable folly, but the folly for the moment had a certain grandeur about it, for in Germanos's mind the only thought had been the glory of the Church. He had travelled five days from Kalavryta, and so far he had been received by the hosts of the Greek army with reverence and respect. But his reception here he knew was the touchstone of the success of his party, for the scornful Mainotes looked askance on clergy, and left them to do their praying alone. But he had come, so he believed, to demand the vassalage of the people to their King of Kings; that duty, so he thought, admitted neither delay nor compromise.

Yanni, who was lounging on the wall with Mitsos, in the afternoon sun, preparatory to starting on a night raid down in the plains, saw him coming, and whistled ominously.

"There will be mischief," he said softly to Mitsos. "Germanos is a good man and true, but these little primates are not all like him."

"I wish they would leave us alone," grumbled Mitsos. "That little red-faced Charalambes is doing a lot of harm. He tells the men that all this is for the glory of God. I dare say it is; but there is fighting to do first, and a bolster would fight as well as he. Oh, Yanni, but he's got all his fine clothes on! I wish I was an archbishop."

The procession was now passing close under them, and looking closer, Yanni saw what Germanos carried, and stood uncovered, crossing himself. Mitsos saw too, and followed his example, but frowning the while. It struck him somehow that this was not fair play.

Petrobey received the Archbishop with the greatest respect, and had erected for him another hut next his own. An order went round the camp that every man was to attend mass, which would be celebrated at daybreak next morning; but after supper that night Petrobey, Nicholas, and the Archbishop talked long together. Mitsos, to his great delight, was put in command of some twenty young Mainotes, who were to prowl about and do damage, along with other parties, and Germanos, who looked on the boy with peculiar favor, gave him his blessing before he set out.

"You were ever a man who could deal with men," he said to Nicholas, as the boy went out; "and you have trained the finest boy in Greece. But we have other things to talk of; and let us shake hands first, for I know not that what I have to say will find favor with you. For we are friends, are we not?"

Nicholas smiled. "Old friends, surely," he said. "May we long be so!"

"That is well," said Germanos, seating himself. "But first I have to tell you news which may, I hope, bind us even closer together, though with a tie of horror and amazement. Our Patriarch Gregorios, whom I think you knew, Nicholas, was executed at Constantinople on Easter day by order of the Sultan."

Nicholas and Petrobey sprang from their seats.

"Gregorios!" they exclaimed, in a whispered horror.

"Executed, dying the most shameful death, hanged at the gate of the patriarchate. Ah, but the vengeance of God is swift and sure, and the blood of another martyr cries from the ground! Oh, let this bind us together—hanged, the death of a mad dog—he, the holiest of men!" Germanos bowed his head, and there was silence for a moment. "That was not enough," he continued, his voice trembling with a passionate emotion. "For three days it hung there, and the street dogs leaped up to bite at the body. Then it was given to the Jews, and I would sooner have seen it devoured by the dogs than cast into the hands of those beasts, and they dragged it through the streets and threw it into the sea. But pious men watched it, and took it to Odessa, where it was given burial, such as befits the body of one of the saints of God. And, though dead, he works, for on the ship that took it there was a woman stricken with paralysis, and they brought her to touch the body, and she went away whole."

Nicholas was sitting with his face in his hands, but at this he looked up.

"Glory to God!" he cried, "for in heaven His martyr now pleads for us."

Petrobey crossed himself.

"Glory to God!" he repeated. "But tell us more, father. What was the cause of this?"

"He died for us," said Germanos—"for the liberty of the Greeks. As you know, he was in the secrets of the patriots, and one of the agents of the club which supplied funds for the war was found to have letters from the patriarch which showed his complicity. Immediately after the execution the election for a new patriarch took place, and Eugenios of Pisidia was chosen, and his election ratified by Gregorios's murderer."

Nicholas struck the table with his fist.

"I give no allegiance there," he said. "Is the Church a toy in that devil's hand, and shall we bow to his puppets?"

Germanos looked up quickly.

"I wanted to know your opinion on that," he said; "and you, Petrobey, go with your cousin? But in the mean time we have no head."

"But at the death of a patriarch," asked Nicholas, "what is the usual course?"

Germanos hesitated.

"You will see," he said, "why I paused; for it is in the canon of the Church that, till the next patriarch is appointed, the supremacy of the Church is in the hands of the senior Archbishop."

Nicholas rose.

"There is none so fit as yourself," he said; "and here and now I give you my allegiance, and I promise to obey you in all matters within your jurisdiction, and for the glory of God."

Both men kissed Germanos's hand, and when they had seated themselves again he bent forward and began to speak with greater earnestness.

"And that in part is why I am here," he said, "to accept in the name of the Church the allegiance of the Greek army. We must not forget, among these night attacks and skirmishes and sieges, that for which we work—the liberty of Greece, it is true, but the purpose of her liberty, to let a free people serve the God of their fathers, and pull under no infidel yoke to the lash of unbelievers. Believe me, my friends, how deeply unworthy I feel of the high office which has thus come upon my shoulders, but help me to bear it, though in that the flesh is weak I would in weakness shrink from it. But much lies in your power and active help, for I know what deep influence both of you, and deservedly, have with these men. Yet, since to every man is his part appointed by God Himself, I would not recoil from the task and heavy responsibility which is on me as head of this people who are fighting for their liberty; and though I am not jealous for myself, as some would scornfully count me, I am very jealous for Him with whose authority I, all unworthy, have been invested."

Germanos paused for a moment, his eyes fixed on the ground, and Nicholas, looking across at Petrobey, half began to speak; but the other, by an almost imperceptible gesture silenced him. But Germanos paused only for a moment, and went on, speaking a little quicker, but weighing his words.

"For who is the general we all fight under but One? Who is the Giver of Victory but He alone? And I—I speak in a sort of proud humility—I am the head of His bride the Church, and the shepherd of His flock, these people. Do not misunderstand me, for I speak not for myself, but for Him. Already dangers—not those from our enemies the Turks, but from friends more deadly than they—compass us about on all sides, and are with us when we sit down to eat and take our rest; and if we are not careful they will poison all we do. Already at Kalavryta, from whence I come—already, as I hear, at Monemvasia, but not, as I hope and trust, here—are there greedy and wicked men, who, raised up for power for which they have no fitness, having no self-control, and being therefore incapable of controlling others save in the way of inflaming their lusts by example, like beasts of the field—already have many such, finding themselves in command of some small local following, led their men on by hopes of gain and promises of reward. They are becoming no better than brigands, spoiling the defenceless and pocketing each man his gains."

Petrobey here looked up.

"Pardon me," he said. "Though such conduct has taken place on certain ships, I think that there has been none among the soldiers. Half the booty taken is put aside for the purposes of the war; half, as is right, is shared among those who acquire it."

Germanos looked at him keenly.

"You have hit the very point," he said, "towards which I have been driving. Half, as you say, is put away for the purpose of the war. Though I think that is too large a proportion, still the question is only one of degree, and we will pass it over. Half, again, as you say, is shared among those who acquire it. There is the blot, the defect of the whole system. What are we fighting for? For wealth or for liberty? Surely for liberty and the glory of God. To fight in such a cause and to fall in such a cause are surely reward enough. But what of the glory of God? Is it not to Him that this, no niggardly tithe, but half the goods we possess, should be given? Is it not He who has given us the strength to fight, and the will before which even now the Turk is crumpling as a ship crumples the waves? And for this shall we give him nothing? Shall every peasant have his hoard, taken from the Turk, and the Church of God go begging? Have we not given our own lives to His service, without hope of reward, indeed, but very jealous for His honor? And how shall we serve Him as we ought when our churches stand half ruined to the winds of heaven, and our monks, to support themselves, must needs hoe in the fields and vineyards, and bring but a tired frame to the blessed service of the Church? Is it not there this should be bestowed—on the Church, on the priests and the primates, on the heads and princes of the Church, to be used by them for the glory of their Master? Some of us, I know, would wish to endow a king to rule over a free people, in royal obedience—for so they phrase it—to a people's will. Is it not enough to have for our king, our master, our tender friend, the King of Kings? This only is the kingdom whose citizenship I covet, for it is beyond price, and it is but a dubious love for Him that is ours if we give Him, as we fondly tell ourselves, our hearts, and withhold from him our gold and silver. Not in such manner worshipped the kings of the East. Long was their journey, and yet we who fight are not more foot-sore than they; but did they come empty-handed to worship? Gold and frankincense and myrrh they gave, their costliest and their best. Heart worship let us give, and lip worship too, and let our hands be open in giving; it is in giving that we show feebly, but in the best and only way, the sincerity of our hearts. Ah, it is no pale spiritual kingdom only that God requires, but the pledge of it in a glorious liberality, the fruits of His bounty given to Him again. Let there be a splendor in our service to Him, riches, wealth—all that is beautiful—poured out freely. It is our duty to give—yes, and our privilege."

Petrobey and Nicholas both listened in dead silence, for they respected the man and they revered his office. On the honesty and integrity of his words, too, neither felt any question; but when in the history of warfare had ears ever heard so impracticable a piece of rhetoric? Did Germanos really suppose that these soldiers of theirs were risking life, possessions, all that they had, for the sake of the Church? Already the primates had done infinite harm by their pretentious meddling, giving themselves the airs of deposed monarchs for whom it was a privilege to fight, and encouraging seditious talk among the men by hinting openly that the military leaders were in league with the Turk, making conventions with them by which their lives should be spared on the sacrifice of their property. Germanos himself, as they knew, was a man of far different nature. This scheme of his, by which half the booty would be placed unreservedly in the hands of the Church, to be used for the glory of God, was as sunshine is to midnight compared to the vile slanderings of his inferiors. But how would the army receive it? Was Petrobey as commander-in-chief, or Germanos as head of this people of God, to go to them saying: "You have risked your lives, and it is your privilege to have done so for the glory of God. Risk them to-morrow and the next day and the next day; and when the war is over, and you creep back—unless you lie on the battle-field—to your dismantled homes, account it a privilege that you have been permitted to give to the primates and priests the fruits of your toils."

Yet, though Germanos was a man of integrity, how could there but be a background to the picture he had drawn? He was a man to whom power and the exercise of power had become a habit, and the habit almost a pas-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

"THEN, BORNE ON A CHAIR ON FOUR PRIESTS' SHOULDERS, THE ARCHBISHOP HIMSELF."

sion. Though this scheme by which the Church would be restored to its old splendor and magnificence, the glory of those days when from Constantinople came the Emperor humbly and supplicantly with great gifts, had for its object the glory of God, yet, inasmuch as he was a man of dominant nature, he could not be unaware nor disregardant of what it would mean to him personally. What a position! The chances were ten to one that he would be chosen to fill the place of the martyred patriarch instead of the Bishop Eugenios, well known to the Greeks as a middle-minded man who strove to keep well with both Ottoman and Greek. For in truth this was no time for diplomatic attitudes; each man must take one side or the other, and now to consent to take from the hands of the Sultan the insignia of his victim was to declare one's self no patriot. Greece would certainly repudiate the appointment and choose a supreme head for itself, and among all the primates and bishops there was none who was so powerful with his own class and so popular among the people as Germanos. As every one knew, he had thrown himself heart and soul into the revolution, he had raised the northern army, he had headed the attempt on the citadel of Patras in person. The chosen head of a new and splendid Church, rising glorious in the dawn of liberty, sanctified by suffering, proved by its steadfastness to endure—a Church for which blood had been shed, and, as he had said, no pale spiritual kingdom only, but a power on earth as in heaven. It was not in the nature of the man to be able to shut his eyes to that; it could not but be that so splendid a possibility should be without weight. His next words showed it.

"Is it not a thing to make the heart beat fast?" he went on. "I would not take the pontiff's chair in Rome in exchange for such a position. A new Church, or rather the old grown young again, a spiritual kingdom throned in the hearts of men, yet with the allegiance not only of their souls but of their bodies and their earthly blessings. And I," he said, rising—"I, the unworthy, the erring, yet called by a call that I may not disobey—"

But Nicholas, frowning deeply, interrupted him.

"I ask your pardon, father," he said, "but is it well to talk of that? Surely in this great idea you have put before us there is nothing of that. It is the kingdom of God of which we speak."

Germanos paused a moment.

"You are right," he said. "You have but reminded me of my own words. It is in His name and none other that I speak."

"There is another point of view, father," continued Nicholas, "which, with your permission, I will put before you. I speak, I hope, as it is fitting I should speak to you; and yet, in justice to the position my cousin and I hold, we must tell you that there are other interests to be considered. For days past there has been division among us, here not so widely as at other places, but division there is, at a time when anything of that kind is the most disastrous. There are in the camp priests and primates who have been saying to the men, but not with your nobleness of aim, that which you have indicated to us. This war, they tell them, is a war of religion; they are the champions and ordained ministers of religion, and it is to them the soldiers' obedience is due. What did they get for their pains? A shrug of the shoulders, insolence, perhaps the question, 'Are we fighting, or are you?' And they answer: 'For whom are you fighting—for your captain and leaders? Let us tell you it is they who will reap the fruits of your toil. It is they who will get the booty for which you have spent your blood and left your homes.' Now, before God, father, that is a satanic slander; but if this talk continues, who can tell but that it may become in part true? For as the army increases we have to appoint fresh captains, and often it happens that some band of men comes in with its appointed leader, whom we have to accept. These are not all such men as my cousin and I should naturally appoint; and what we fear is this—and our fears, I am sorry to say, are justified by what is taking place at Monemvasia—these captains talk to each other, saying, 'The primates are trying to get the whole spoils of the war for themselves. Two can play at that game. If this war is for the enrichment of the leaders, let it be for the enrichment of the leaders who have earned it.' And some of this talk, too, has reached the men, with this result: Some believe what the primates say, and already distrust their captains; some distrust the primates, and say that it is not they who are doing the work, and why should they look for wages; but the most part of those who have heard this seditious talk distrust both, and are each man for himself. And all this is the fault of the primates. This is no place for them—for those, at least, who have taken no part in the war. It is the work of soldiers we are doing, not the work of priests. The danger is a real one; as you say, it is a danger from those who sit at meat with us, and more deadly than that we experience from our enemies. There was none of it before the primates came among us. I have said."

Nicholas spoke with rising anger. The thought of these mean, petty squabbles poisoned the hopes which had ruled his life for so long. Were they all to be wrecked in port on the very eve of their fulfilment? Strong as their position now was, inevitable though the fall of Tripoli appeared, yet he knew that an army demoralized is no army at all. Was the honey to turn to bitterness? Was that fair day that seemed now dawning to come in cloud and trouble?

Germanos had listened with growing resentment, and he burst out in answer:

"You are wrong, Nicholas; believe me, you are wrong. It is the primates who have put up with insult. This army of yours is like a wanton child breaking out from school. It knows neither reverence nor respect where respect is due."

"Ah, pardon me again," said Nicholas. "The first duty of the soldier is obedience to those who are put over him as captains and commanders. To them it has never failed in respect nor in obedience."

"They are men, I take it," said Germanos; "and the first duty of man is to obey those who are over him in the Lord."

"But, father—father," cried Nicholas, pained himself but unwilling to give pain, "is this a time now, when we are in the middle of the operations of the war, to talk of that? Of course you are right; that every Christian man believes; but our hands are full, we have this siege before us, and it is but injudicious of these primates to stir up such talk now. Oh, I am no hand at the speaking, but you see, do you not, what I mean? It is the Lord's work, surely, but the means by which it is accomplished is swords in unity, men bound together by one aim."

"And that aim the glory of God," said Germanos.

Nicholas made a hopeless gesture of dissent, and shook his head, and Petrobey, who had hitherto taken no part in the discussion, broke in:

"Surely we can do better than wrangle together like boys," he said. "It is no light matter we have in hand. But let us talk practically. What Nicholas says is true, father. There is mischievous talk going on, and there was none till the primates came. What do you propose to do? Will you help us to stop it? Will you speak to the men? Will you tell them that you, though you are a primate yourself, yet believe in the integrity of the military commanders, and that though their duty as men exacts obedience to the rulers of the Church, yet their duty as soldiers exacts obedience to their commanders and trust in them?"

The question was cleverly chosen. To refuse to do as he was asked would, without an explanation, be wholly unreasonable; to comply would be tantamount to telling the soldiers to disregard the primates. Germanos hesitated a moment. Then,

"I do not wish to put myself outside of my province," he said, "and I am here only as the head of the Church, and not as a military leader. To interfere with the ordering of the army is not my business."

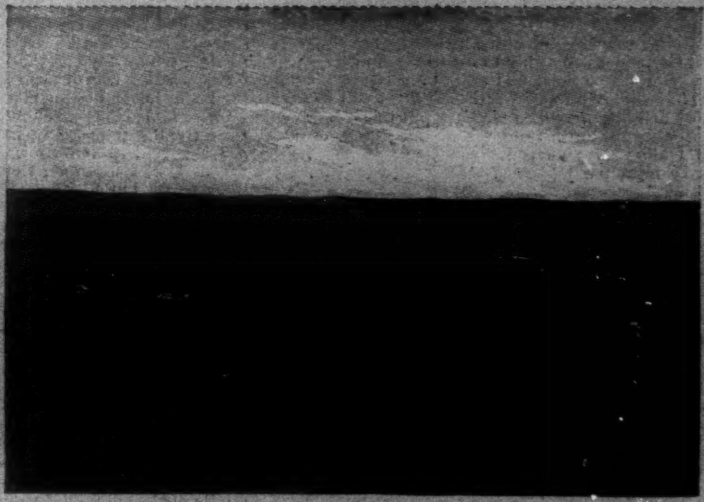
"Then how much less," said Nicholas, in an eager manner, "is it the business of your inferiors to do so? Will you, then, tell them to follow your own most wise example?"

Germanos was silent, but his brain was busy, and yet he had no reply ready.

"See," said Nicholas; "a little while ago you asked us to help you, but now we ask you to help us, for the danger is no less to your party than to ours. Speak to the primates if you will, or speak to the captains; they will, perhaps, listen to you."

"At any rate, I asked not your help against my own subordinates," said Germanos, in a sudden flash of anger. "If you want help against your own men, I can only

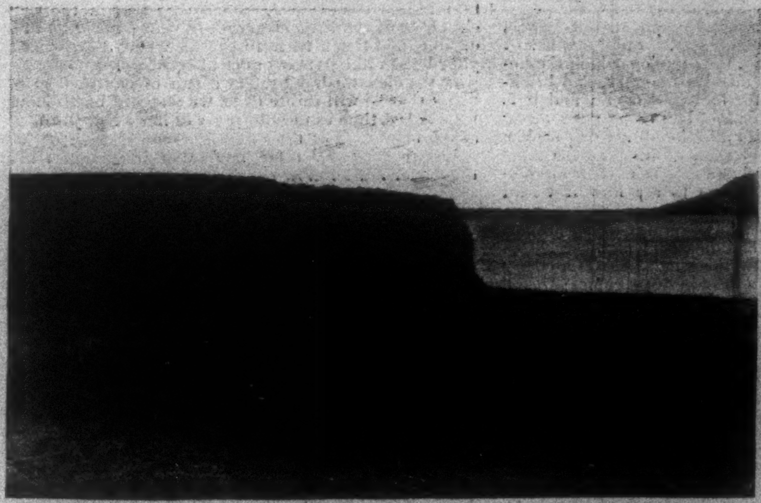
JAFFA—PORT OF ARRIVAL OF ZIONITE COLONISTS.



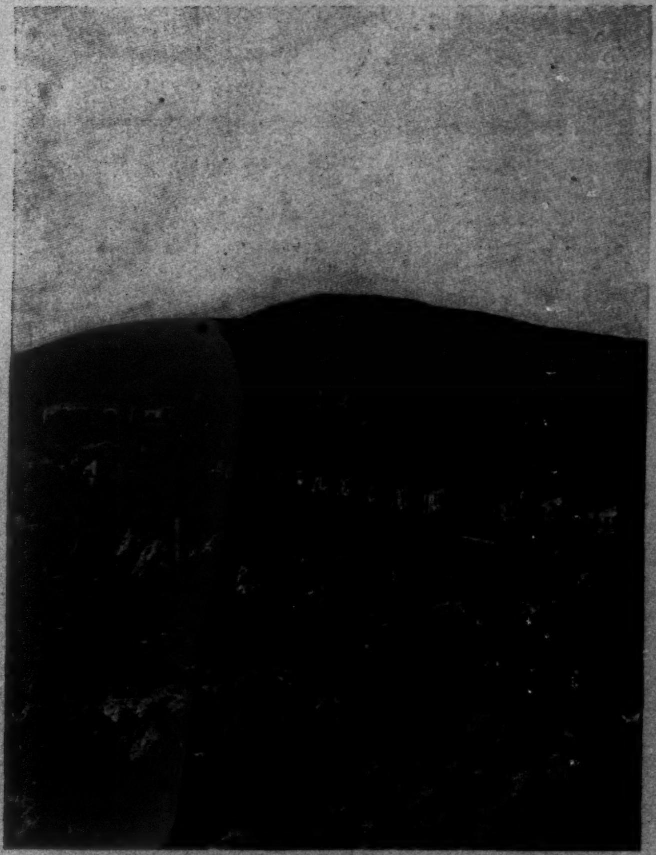
WADI-EL-CHANIN—THE CENTRE OF EIGHT FLOURISHING VILLAGES.

COLONISTS AT RECHOWOTH.

VINEYARDS AT GADARAH—FOUNDED BY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.



RUDE HUTS IN WHICH COLONISTS LIVE ON ARRIVAL AT JESSUD-HAMA'ALAH.



ROSH-PINAH—A TYPICAL AGRICULTURAL VILLAGE.

THE ZIONITE MOVEMENT—JEWISH COLONIES IN PALESTINE.—[See Page 1130.]

say—" and with that he stopped short, for an insult was on his lips.

Petrobey sat down again, with a little sigh, but Nicholas answered Germanos according to his own manner.

"Then you are so good as to think our affairs are out of hand?" he said, with angry sarcasm. "It will be time to think of helping you when we have put them in order. Let me quote your own words: I am not jealous of myself, but I am very jealous for the honor of the army, and I have myself a pledge of the favor of God on my undertaking."

Germanos held up his hand pacifically.

"We shall gain nothing by quarrelling," he said, "and I am in the wrong, for I was the first to speak in anger. What is this pledge of which you speak?"

Nicholas told him of the vision at Serrica, and when he had finished it was gently that he was answered.

"Surely the Mother of God looks with favor on you, Nicholas," said the Archbishop, "and for her sake, if not for our own, let us see if we cannot put an end of these unhappy divisions which you tell me of. You lay the whole blame on my order. Are you sure that you are not hasty?"

"There was at least no seditious talk before the primates came," said Nicholas.

"I then have a proposal to make," said Petrobey, "and it is this: The men are divided—some side with the primates, some with us. The two parties are bitterly opposed. If, then, there was appointed a supreme council, consisting of primates and commanders, might not the division be healed?"

Nicholas shook his head.

"I do not wish to make difficulties," he said, "but the case is this: The siege of Tripoli is the work of the army. What have the primates to do with it? I might as well demand a seat in the synod of the Church."

Germanos's eye brightened. He realized the impossibility of pushing his first demand just now, and this at any rate would be a step gained. For the rest he trusted in his own ability to soon get in his hands the chief share of the work of the supreme council which Petrobey had suggested. And with the most diplomatic change of front he proceeded to conciliate Nicholas.

"My dear Nicholas," he said, "I wish with all my heart you had a place in the synod of the Church. As a priest you would have soon earned one. But you selected another vocation, in which I need give no testimony to your merits. But consider, dear Nicholas. This is a national movement, and the Church is a great national institution, and has always had a voice, often the supreme voice, in the direction of national affairs. You must not think we want to interfere in military affairs; you will not find Charalambes, for instance, or, for that matter, me, wishing to lead a sortie or direct the fire. In England, as you know, there are two great legislative houses, one of the lords of the land, without initiative, but with the power of check, the other the elected body, the voice of the people. You generals are the elected body; on you the initiative depends, but we primates correspond to the titular power. And where can you find so splendid and august a government as that? See, I come to meet you half-way. It is not the time now to talk of the supremacy of the Church; meet me half-way, and allow that in national concerns we should not be without a voice. There are two powers in this new Greece. If they are in accord, the danger we have spoken of melts like a summer mist."

Nicholas looked across at Petrobey.

"You would have me follow?" he asked. "Well, I consent."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

About this time, two years ago, I wrote in these columns of the closing of a great summer hotel on the Long Island shore, near New York; and now I again find myself part of a like pensive event on the borders of the North Sea in Holland, with the same irresistible wish to share my impressions with the reader. It is a like event, and yet unlike, for there is the difference of a whole civilization between a hotel in America and a hotel in Europe, in manners and customs; and yet there is a spiritual affinity between hotels and their essential life everywhere which insists in spite of all differences, and which appears in a certain parity of incident.

I.

When we said that we were going to Scheveningen, in the middle of September, the *portier* of the hotel at The Hague was sure we should be very cold, perhaps because we had suffered so much in his house already; and he was right, for the wind blew with a Dutch tenacity of purpose for a whole week, so that the guests thinly peopling the vast hostelry seemed to rustle through its chilly halls and corridors like so many autumn leaves. We were but a poor hundred at most where five hundred would not have been a crowd; and when we sat down at the long tables d'hôte in the great dining-room, we had to warm our hands with our plates before we could hold our spoons. From time to time the weather varied, as it does in Europe (American weather is of an exemplary constancy in comparison), and three or four times a day it rained, and three or four times it cleared; but through all the wind blew cold and colder. We were promised, however, that the hotel would not close till October, and we made shift with a warm chimney in one room, and three gas-burners in another, if not to keep warm quite, yet certainly to get used to the cold.

II.

In the mean time the sea-bathing went resolutely on with all its forms. Every morning the bathing-machines were drawn down to the beach from the esplanade where they were secured against the gale every night; and every day a half-dozen hardy invalids braved the rigors of wind and wave. At the discreet distance which one ought always to keep one could not always be sure whether these bold bathers were mermen or mermaids; for the sea costume of both sexes is the same here, as regards an absence of skirts, and a presence of what are, after the first plunge, effectively tights. The first time I walked down to the beach I was puzzled to make out some object rolling about in the low surf, which looked like a barrel, and which two bathing-machine men were watching with apparently the purpose of fishing it out. Suddenly this object reared itself from the surf, and floundered toward the steps of a machine; then I saw that it was evidently not a barrel, but a lady, and after that I never dared carry my researches so far. I suppose that the bathing-tights are more becoming in some cases than in others; but I hold to a modest preference for skirts, however brief, in the sea-gear of ladies. Without them there may sometimes be the effect of a beauty, and sometimes the effect of a barrel.

For the convenience and safety of the bathers there were, even in the last half of September, some twenty machines, and half as many bath-men and bath-women, who waded into the water, and watched that the bathers came to no harm, instead of a solitary lifeguard showing his statuesque shape as he paced the shore beside the life-lines, or cynically rocked in his boat beyond the breakers, as the custom is on Long Island. Here there is no need of life-lines, and unless one held his head resolutely under water, I do not see how he could drown within quarter of a mile of the shore. Perhaps it is to prevent suicide that the bath-men are so plentifully provided.

They are a provision of the hotel, I believe, which does not relax itself in any essential towards its guests as they grow fewer. It seems, on the contrary, to use them with a more tender care, and to console them as it may, for the inevitable parting near at hand. Now, within three or four days of the end, the kitchen is as scrupulously and vigilantly perfect as it could be in the height of the season; and our dwindling numbers sit down every night to a dinner that we could not get for much more love or vastly more money in the month of August, at any shore hotel in America. It is true that there are certain changes going on, but they are going on delicately, almost silently. A strip of carpeting has come up from along our corridor, but we hardly miss it from the matting which remains. Through the open doors of vacant chambers we can see that beds are coming down, and the dismantling extends into the halls at places. Certain decorative carved chairs which repeated themselves outside the doors have ceased to be there; but the pictures still hang on the walls, and within our own rooms everything is as conscientious as in midsummer. The service is instant, and if there is some change in it, the change is not for the worse. Yesterday our waiter bade me good-by, and when I said I was sorry he was going he alleged a boil on his cheek in excuse; he would not allow that his going had anything to do with the closing of the hotel, and he was promptly replaced by another who speaks excellent English. Now that the first is gone, I may own that he seemed not to speak any foreign language long, but when cornered in English, took refuge in French, and then fled from pursuit in that to German, and brought up in final Dutch where he was practically inaccessible.

The elevator runs regularly, if not rapidly; the papers arrive unfailingly in the reading-room, including a solitary London *Times* which even I do not read, perhaps because I have no English-reading rival to contend for it with. Till yesterday, an English artist sometimes got it; but he then instantly offered it to me; and I had to refuse it because I would not be outdone in politeness. Now even he is gone, and on all sides I find myself in an unbroken circle of Dutch and German, where no one would dispute the *Times* with me if he could.

Every night the corridors are fully lighted, and some mornings swept, while the washing that goes on all over Holland, night and morning, does not always spare our unfrequented halls and stairs. I note these little facts, because I hope the reader remembers how at our other closing hotel the elevator stopped two weeks before we left, and how we fell from electricity to naphtha-gas, and even this died out before us except at long intervals in the passages; while there were lightning changes in the service, and a final failure of it till we had to go down and get our own ice-water of the lingering room-clerk, after the last bell-boy had winked out.

III.

But in Europe everything is permanent, and in America everything is provisional. This is the great distinction which, if always kept in mind, will save a great deal of idle astonishment. It is in nothing more apparent than in the preparation here at Scheveningen for centuries of summer visitors, while at our Long Island hotel there was a losing bet on a scant generation of them. When it seemed likely that it might be a winning bet the sand was planked there in front of the hotel to the sea with spruce boards. It was very handsomely planked, but it was never afterwards touched, apparently, for any manner of repairs. Here, for half a mile the dune on which the hotel stands is shored up with massive masonry, and bricked for carriages, and tiled for foot-passengers; and it is all kept as clean as if wheel or foot had never passed over it. I am sure that there is not a broken brick or a broken tile in the whole length or breadth of it. But the hotel here is not a bet; it is a business. It has come to stay; and on Long Island it had come to see how it would like it.

Beyond the walk and drive, however, the dunes are left to the winds, and to the vegetation with which the Dutch planting clothes them against the winds. First a coarse grass or rush is sown; then a finer herbage comes; then a tough brushwood, with flowers and blackberry-vines; so that while the seaward slopes of the dunes are somewhat patched and tattered, the landward side and all the pleasant hollows between are fairly held against such gales as on Long Island blow the lower dunes hither and yon. The sheep graze in the valleys at some points, but in many a little pocket of the dunes, I found a potato-patch of about the bigness of a city lot, and on week-days I saw wooden-shod men slowly, slowly gathering in the crop. On Sundays I saw the pleasant nooks and corners of these sandy hillocks devoted, as the dunes of Long Island were, to whispering lovers, who are here as freely and fearlessly affectionate as at home. Rocking there is not, and cannot be, in the nature of things, as there used to be at Mount Desert; but what is called Twoing at Yorke Harbor is perfectly practicable.

It is practicable not only in the nooks and corners of the dunes, but on discreeter terms in those hooded willow chairs, so characteristic of the Dutch sea-side. These if faced in pairs towards each other must be as favorable to the exchange of vows as of opinions, and if the crowd is ever very great, perhaps one chair could be made to hold two persons. It was distinctly a pang, the other day, to see men carrying them up from the beach, and putting them away to hibernate in the basement of the hotel. Not all, but most of them, were taken; though I dare say that on fine days throughout October they will go trooping back to the sands on the heads of the same men, like a procession of monstrous, two-legged crabs. Such a day was last Sunday, and then the beach offered a lively image of its summer gayety. It was dotted with hundreds of hooded chairs, which forgathered in gossiping groups, or confidential couples; and as the sun shone quite warm the flaps of the little tents next the dunes were let down against it, and ladies in summer white saved themselves from sunstroke in their shelter. The wooden booths for the sale of candies and mineral waters, and beer and sandwiches, were flushed with a sudden prosperity, so that when I went to buy my pound of grapes from the good woman who understands my Dutch, I dreaded an indifference in her which by no means appeared. She welcomed me as warmly as if I had been her sole customer, and did not put up the price on me; perhaps because it was already so very high that her imagination could not rise above it.

IV.

The hotel showed the same admirable constancy. The restaurant was thronged with new-comers, who spread out even over the many-tabled esplanade before it; but it was in no wise demoralized. That night we sat down in multiplied numbers to a table d'hôte of serenely unconscious perfection; and we permanent guests—alas! we are now becoming transient, too—were used with unfaltering recognition of our superior worth. We shared the respect which all over Europe attaches to establishment, and which sometimes makes us poor Americans wish for a hereditary nobility, so that we could all mirror our ancestral value in the deference of our inferiors. Where we should get our inferiors is another thing, but I suppose we could import them for the purpose, if the duties were not too great under the Dingley tariff.

We have not yet imported the idea of a European hotel in any respect, though we long ago imported what we call the European plan. No travelled American knows it in the extortionate prices of rooms when he gets home, or the preposterous charges of our restaurants, where one portion of roast beef swimming in a lake of lukewarm juice costs as much as a diversified and delicate dinner in Germany or Holland. But even if there were any proportion in these things the European hotel will not be with us till we have the European *portier*, who is its spring and inspiration. He must not, dear home-keeping reader, be at all imagined in the moral or material figure of our hotel porter, who appears always in his shirt sleeves, and speaks with the accent of Cork or of Congo. The European *portier* wears a uniform, I do not know why, and a gold-banded cap, and he inhabits a little office at the entrance of the hotel. He speaks eight or ten languages, up to certain limit, rather better than people born to them, and his presence commands an instant reverence softening to affection under his universal helpfulness. There is nothing he cannot tell you, cannot do for you; and you may trust yourself implicitly to him. He has the priceless gift of making each nationality, each personality, believe that he is devoted to its service alone. He turns lightly from one language to another, as if he had each under his tongue, and he answers simultaneously a fussy French woman, an angry English tourist, a stiff Prussian major, and a thin-voiced American girl in behalf of a timorous mother, and he never mixes the replies. He is an inexhaustible bottle of dialects; but this is the least of his merits, of his miracles.

Our *portier* here is a tall, slim Dutchman (most Dutchmen are tall and slim), and in spite of the waning season he treats me as if I were multitude, while at the same time he uses me with the distinction due the last of his guests. Twenty times in as many hours he wishes me good-day, putting his hand to his cap for the purpose; and to oblige me he wears silver braid instead of gilt on his cap and coat. I apologized yesterday for troubling him so often for stamps, and said that I supposed he was much more bothered in the season.

"Between the first of August and the fifteenth," he answered, "you cannot *think*. All that you can do is to say, Yes, No; Yes, No." And he left me to imagine his responsibilities.

I am sure he will hold out to the end, and will smile me a friendly farewell from the door of his office, which is also his dining-room, as I know from often disturbing him at his meals there. I have no fear of the waiters either, or of the little errand-boys who wear suits of sailor blue, and touch their foreheads when they bring you your letters like so many ancient sea-dogs. I do not know why the elevator-boy prefers a suit of snuff-color; but I know that he will salute us as we step out of his elevator for the last time as unfalteringly as if we had just arrived at the beginning of the summer.

But to verify all these, and other important matters, the reader must follow me in a second paper.

W. D. Howells.

JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER.

Alton Brooks Parker, the successful candidate under the nomination of the Democratic party for one of the greatest dignities of the State of New York, the Chief-Judgeship of the Court of Appeals, is forty-six years of age. He is descended from a well-known Massachusetts family, and his great-grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier. Born at Cortland, New York, May 14, 1851, his early education was acquired in the academy and normal school of his native town, and for a short time he was a teacher. He then entered the office of Schoonmaker & Hardenburgh, at Kingston, New York, finally completing his legal training at the Albany Law-School in 1872.

At the age of twenty-six he was elected Surrogate of Ulster County, and was the only successful candidate on his ticket. He was re-elected in 1883, steadily confirming his hold on the popular esteem. During the occupancy of this post he also carried on a large general practice, and was notably successful in the trial of causes

and argument of appeals. In 1885 Judge Parker was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy made by the death of Hon. Theodoric R. Westbrook, and at the end of the year was honored by the unanimous nomination of his party for the full term. The fact that his candidacy was not opposed by a Republican nomination was a compliment to his judicial reputation.

When the second division of the Court of Appeals was created, in 1889, Judge Parker was appointed to it, and served until the dissolution of the court in 1892. Governor Flower then appointed him to serve in the General Term of the First Department. He continued to fill this arduous judicial position until the creation of the Appellate Division, and he then resumed the duties of the trial terms in his own district. Very recently he was designated by Governor Black to take the seat of Justice Barrett, during the latter's illness, on the Appellate Division of New York city.

While never a candidate for political office, for his ambition seems always to have been purely professional, he has taken a most efficient part in political management. He has been a delegate at most of the State conventions, and was a member of the national convention which nominated Mr. Cleveland in 1884. He was made chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee in 1885, and showed singular sagacity in his work. The offices of Secretary of State and Lieutenant-Governor had already been tendered to him and refused. President Cleveland also asked him in vain to be First Assistant Postmaster-General in 1885, a position afterwards accepted by Vice-President Stevenson. Judge Parker's career on the bench, while it has not been distinguished by any great decisions which have left a mark on jurisprudence, has been notable for learning, ability, and great devotion to his work. He has always been a confidential friend and adviser of ex-Senator Hill.

THE ASTORIA CONCERT.

THURSDAY evening of last week brought the first of the series of twelve subscription-concerts arranged at the Astoria for this winter. They occur under a patronage of unusually representative social character for any semi-public concerts. And these twelve are only a part of the Astoria's musical hospitalities between now and May. but it is certain none will be more sumptuously set, none given more of the brilliancy of fashion. It may be added that for any evenings to come there will be trouble in surpassing the excellence of the music. There was nothing new in the programme that began with Beethoven and ended with Liszt. Mr. Seidl's orchestral material and his leadership are familiar good things. But there rose into prompt proof the practical merit of the finest as well as the most artistic and sumptuous concert-room in the city—a concert-room that is in every essential respect a magnificent private drawing-room, or a new *salle* at Versailles, even to the added boxes. The art and the fairness of the decorations, the warmth and color of the appointments, the general æsthetic completeness, charmed, aside from the matter of merely expensive luxury. And if any of the auditors delighted, as likely some did, in the sense of music made once more an apparently exclusive and aristocratic privilege, they had that gratification. Those listeners careless of that matter simply had a rarely perfect concert. The programme was admirable (barring a long and difficult string slow movement by Tschaïkowsky). Mr. Seidl and his orchestra were at their best. Never has the body of tone from a fine band, especially its string choir, been more delightfully brought out and pursued. Madame Sembrich, one of the evening's soloists, sang Bellini's "Casta Diva" and "Ah, non giunge" and some German songs with her rarest of Italianistic art and temperament for the dramatic in any kind of art. Mr. Leo Stern, an exceptionally finished violoncellist, played with deserved success. The audience was in large part the most distinguished and discriminating patronage to be won from the social registers of society, with a strong professionally musical element added. There was the feeling of being brought into a pleasing and near intimacy with art and the artists. To many present there may have been the satisfaction of being brought almost into touch with part of the flower of New York's wealth, fashion, and distinction. The evening was a red-letter one in our chronicle of musical history; and doubtless the concerts to come in the same series will need many red letters more. In the absence of the official opera-season at the Metropolitan they will be something of amends, at least in their social aspect; and a thoroughly good concert is a better musical article any night than the best opera performance in the world.

E. I. S.

MAYOR-ELECT ROBERT A. VAN WYCK.

ROBERT A. VAN WYCK, Chief Judge of the City Court of New York, nominated by the Tammany faction of the Democratic party, and elected first Mayor of the Greater New York, was born in this city in 1850. He is a scion of old Knickerbocker stock, descended in the seventh generation from Cornelius Barents Van Wyck, who came to New Netherlands in 1650 from Wyck, Holland, and married, ten years later, Ann Polhemus, daughter of the Dutch Reformed minister of Flatbush. The family is connected by intermarriage with the Van Rensselaers, Beekmans, Livingstons, Van Vechtens, Hamiltons, and other old family stocks throughout the State, and many of them have been noted names in law, finance, and politics, while several have won reputation as soldiers in the field during the American wars from the time of the Revolution. Judge Van Wyck's father, the late William Van Wyck, was a well-known lawyer sixty years ago. Until his death he was a leader in the councils of the New York Democracy. In early manhood the elder Van Wyck had been a confidential friend of General Jackson and of Martin Van Buren. The brother of the Mayor-elect, Augustus Van Wyck, is a justice of the Supreme Court of the Second Judicial District of the State, and has a high reputation on the bench.

The subject of this sketch left school when very young, and has not had the advantages of what is known as a liberal education. He began business life as an office-boy, but seems to have been alert and persevering in reading and study to overcome deficiencies of schooling. At the age of nineteen he had equipped himself sufficiently to pass the entrance examination for the Law Department of Columbia College, and three years later was graduated from the school, then presided over by the great Professor Dwight, who had made this law-school one of the most celebrated in the United States. He stood at the head of a class of one hundred and twenty-four, and delivered the valedictory address at the class commencement in 1872.

His career as a lawyer has been highly respectable if not notable. He became quickly identified with Tammany Hall politics, and made a considerable local sensation seventeen years ago by rising in a crowded meeting of the General Committee of Tammany Hall and denouncing John Kelly as a traitor to General Hancock, who had just been defeated in the Presidential campaign. Aside from his prominence in Tammany Hall, Judge Van Wyck was not publicly known till he was elected eight years ago to the bench of the City Court of New York, of which he is now Chief Judge. In his latter capacity he has evinced praiseworthy ability and fairness in his decisions. He is one of the trustees of the Holland Society, and is also a member of the St. Nicholas, Manhattan, Democratic, Lotos, and other leading clubs. Personally the Mayor-elect is a man of great geniality of temper, and much esteemed by those who know him best. His friends believe him well equipped for the enormous responsibility involved in the untried problems of the new charter.

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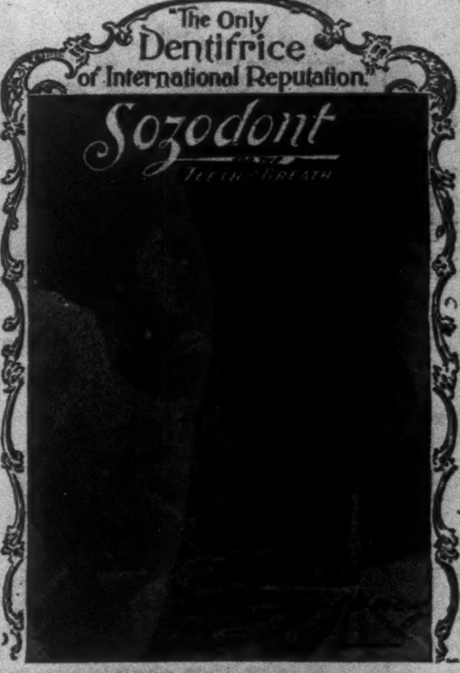

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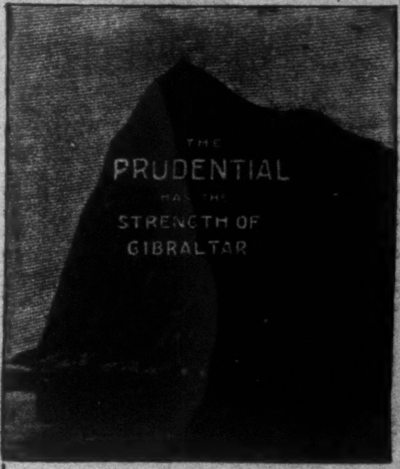

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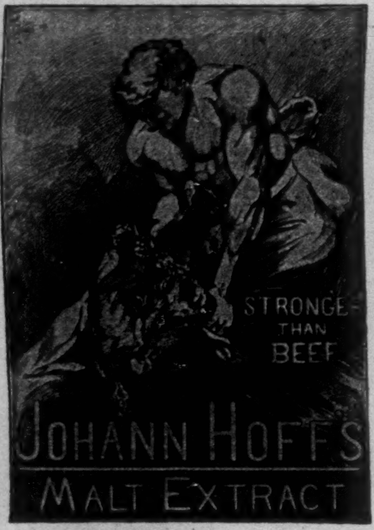

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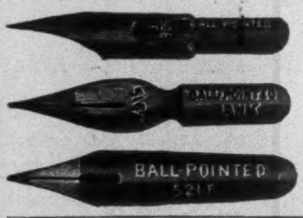

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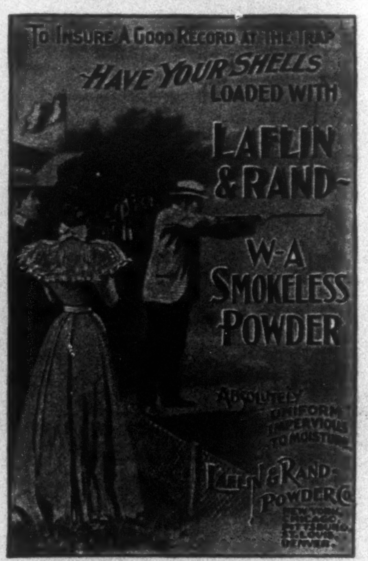

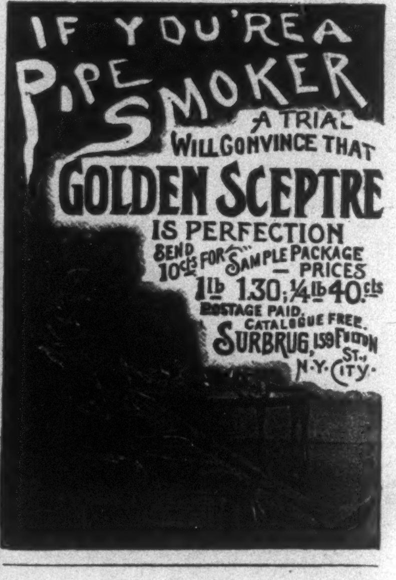

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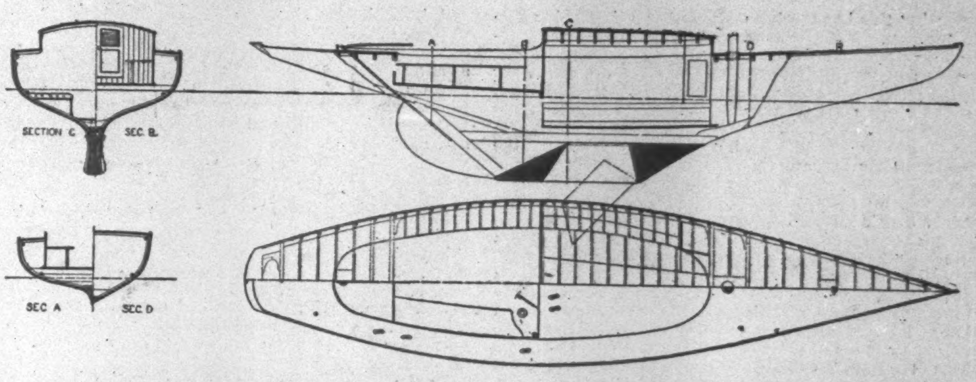

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THE NEW SEAWANHAKA "ONE-DESIGN" CLASS.

THE number of boats which are to be built by members of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club for its new one-design class for next season is phenomenal. This club originated the racing rule that has been adopted and used by all the clubs in this country and in England, and is known as the Seawanhaka Rule for Time Allowance; advocated the introduction of one-gun starts in this country; and has always encouraged Corinthianism by allowing only amateurs to sail boats in its regattas. In its latest move the club has made as great a success as in its previous efforts, and it shows that the interest in yacht-racing is as great now as it was in the earlier history of this club, twenty years ago, when its boats were handled entirely by amateurs. In those days no professional was even allowed on board—a rule which was followed until the extreme type of modern boat necessitated the employment of some professionals in the crew. The success of small-yacht racing is dependent on amateur and Corinthian sailing. If you have good capable amateurs you will have good racing; and if you have healthy boats that are inexpensive, you will get the younger men to come in, and if they once start, they will grow up with the sport.

For the last few years racing-boats have been so expensive that few young men would take up yachting, and many have turned to other sports; but that this movement which has been started by the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, for healthy boats that are reasonable in price, will serve to bring this element largely back again is shown by the number desirous to enter the new class.

Another reason for the decline of yacht-racing in the last few years is that, under existing conditions, boats that have been successful one season can be outbuilt in the following season. It is now practically only a question of cost, and the use of finer materials and more expensive construction. But latterly the cost has been so very great that men have shrunk from building a yacht for the sake of one season's racing, with the possibility of having not even that, owing to the retirement of outclassed competitors after one or two races in the early part of the season.

In the smaller classes there have been some very large entries, such as the trial races for the defender of the International Cup in 1896, when there were twenty-six starters; but, in spite of this, it was extremely difficult this year for the Race Committee to get even two boats to start in this class. This was not owing to a lack of interest, but to the fact that the boats were not adapted to anything but racing pure and simple, and that when the great incentive of an international contest was taken away, people would not take the trouble to race them, as there was little satisfaction to be derived from the actual sailing of them.

The one-design class seems to be the temporary solution of the trouble. There are several of these classes already in this country which have met with considerable success, but they have all in their design been somewhat guided by the question of absolute speed.

Now the one-design feature is bound to give good racing, as the boats are all alike, and the Seawanhaka club has come forward in their design with a boat that is also absolutely healthy as a sailing-boat—one in which you can comfortably cruise. The boat is built in a thoroughly strong and workmanlike way, but has not the extreme refinements of modern days in the way of construction and material, which have been found necessary in order to get the last second out of a boat in open competition.

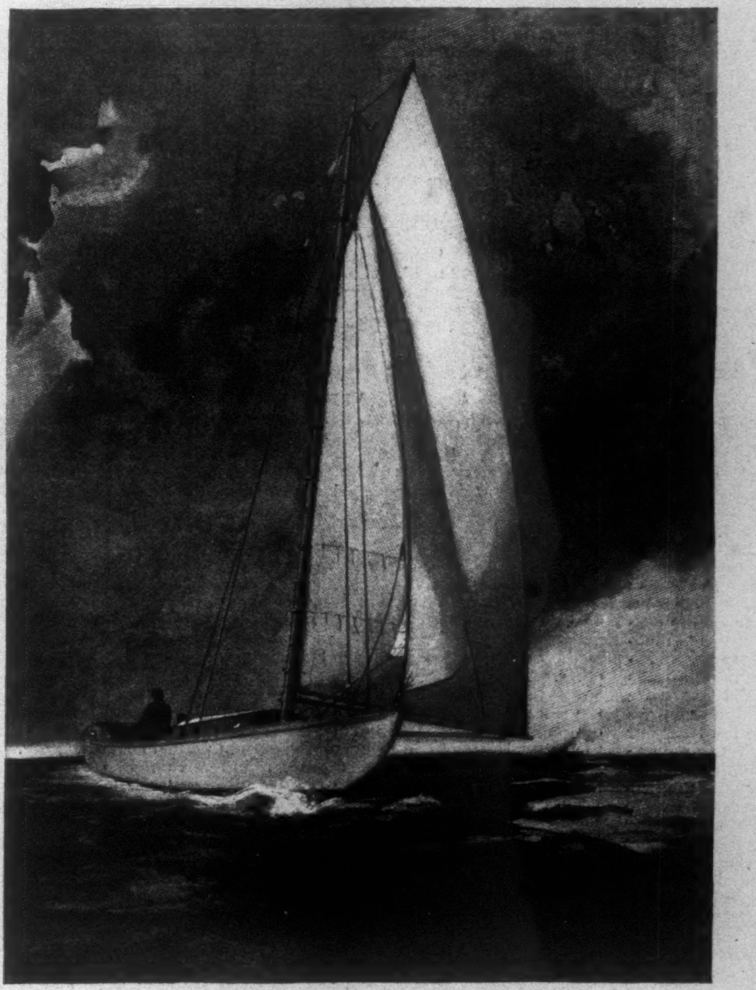
The new Seawanhaka boat would have been called a very finely constructed craft ten years ago, before the days of bronze and double-skin construction. It has a comfortable cabin eight feet long, a cockpit seven feet long, with head-room enough to sit up comfortably in the cabin. The centreboard is small, and does not come above the cabin floor. There is a large stowage-place forward of the cabin for supplies. The boats are twenty-one feet on the water-line, and thirty-three feet over all. Their rig is entirely inboard. They have no bowsprits.

The question of building this class was first agitated in the latter part of July, and it was then hoped that some eight or ten men might be persuaded to build this type of boat. The principal builders and designers were consulted in regard to plans and prices, and these were submitted to a meeting, held on September 4, at the club-house. Eleven boats were ordered at this meeting. Between that day and the next meeting, which was held on October 14, the number of boats had more than trebled, showing that the type was what was desired. This large number of boats, all of one design, will insure the keenest kind of racing in Long Island Sound next summer.

Interest in yacht-racing will be revived, young men will be attracted to the sport, and will gain training in the finer points of racing, such as it would be very difficult to get in any other way.

The way this class has taken hold shows that people are not tired of yacht-racing, if they can only do it in a healthy type of boat.

DANIEL LEROY DRESSER.



THE SEAWANHAKA NEW ONE-DESIGN KNOCKABOUT.

GOLF—A LOOK AHEAD.

MISS BEATRIX HOYT seems to be emulating the performances of Lady Margaret Scott in Great Britain, who won the ladies' championship (you in America call it by the far preferable title of the women's championship) thrice in succession. Unfortunately Lady Margaret Scott then ceased to enter the championship lists, for had she been playing last year she would have met in the Misses Orr antagonists worthy of her skill. But it is to be said, without the slightest disparagement of Lady Margaret Scott's graceful and powerful game, that she had the great advantage of meeting, in these three years of her triumphs, scarcely a competitor who, like herself, had learned the game in childhood. The very large majority had taken to golf while they were yet quite young, indeed, but not quite as children; and we see in our sterner sex also the difference that is made by the age of apprenticeship. Those who have come into the first rank at all, having learned the game after they have ceased growing, may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and no champion, amateur or professional, is among that select number. And, equally without the slightest disparagement of Miss Beatrix Hoyt's game, it is to be assumed that she has hitherto had a similar advantage over the great body of her rivals. It may be that in future years others of the rising generations will come to the tee and challenge her shrewdly, though that is by no means to say that she may not win many another championship, even though thus challenged.

Indeed, it is to be presumed that golf in America is at this moment passing through a phase from which it is just emerging in England—a phase in which the great majority of the players have learned golf as an art acquired after they have arrived at years of discretion, and not as a game that they picked up on the play-grounds of their childhood. The result is that numbers of players who have practised the game from their cradle—been teethed on a golf-club, as the saying goes—are just coming to mature years, and entering the lists with older men; and at every club of any standing there is arising a host of young players at or about the scratch mark, and the average standard of golf is consequently a deal higher than it was a few years ago. The very best of the older players, nevertheless, hold their own with singular tenacity, but these belong to that small minority who began golf when most English boys were exclusively occupied with cricket. And just what has occurred in England will occur, without doubt, in a few years' time in America.

At present the majority of American golfers have taken up the game in their youth, indeed, but not in their childhood. They have not grown up to years of discretion golf-club in hand; and consequently they may expect to see the younger generation soon going past their mark in golfing ability. Happily there is very little relation between excellence of golfing ability and the enjoyment to be derived from the game. Some of the players who get the most fun out of it and are most keen about it are the most indifferent performers. So it is certainly here, and so, no doubt, it is with you. If the pleasure of golf depended on the quality of the play, it would not give the universal delight that all sorts and conditions find in it.

But, for all that, it is a fact to be noted, not as a curiosity, but as having some practical bearing on the green-keeper's department, that the average of golf is likely to improve in the next decade or so—to improve in something more than the ordinary measure in which skill in all athletic pursuits seems to improve—and that the next generation is therefore likely to require longer carries and more difficulties than the present generation demands. The normal habit of golf-greens, on the contrary, is to become both shorter and easier. They become virtually shorter because, as the turf becomes more and more consolidated by the trampling of the golfer's foot, the ball is inclined to run farther and farther the longer golf is played over the green; and they are liable to become easier because it is in the nature of all hazards that partake at all of a floral character to be gradually hewn away, trampled down, and curtailed. So all these facts should be borne in mind by those who have charge of the greens—namely, that it is the tendency of greens to grow shorter and easier, whereas the tendency of the coming generation of golfers is likely, on the other hand, to be towards demanding longer and more hazardous courses. It is true that where we have sand bunkers, and the soil is light and friable, the bunkers have sometimes shown rather a disposition to extend themselves by the blowing and drifting of the sand and by the breaking down of the bunker's

HALF MODEL OF SEAWANHAKA NEW ONE-DESIGN KNOCKABOUT.

edges; but this has not been altogether a desirable mode of extension, for it gives the bunker an ill-defined area—one scarcely knows whether one is in it or out of it, may lie worse in the drifted sand outside than on the firmer bottom within—in a word, a bunker thus extending itself shows all the worst features of that worst characteristic of a golfing hazard, lack of definition. But of other hazards, short of a turnpike road, a river, or a forest tree, the great majority are apt to be "improved," by time and by much golfing, off the face of the green. The whins, or gorse, which were so well recognized a golfing hazard on the old classic courses, have played us very false since golf has become so popular. Where now can one find a whin on the Musselburgh course? At St. Andrews the whins have almost gone; and at Prestwick, though it is a private links, they have nearly disappeared. A good many of them suffered very severely in the exceptionally hard winter of a few years ago, but the majority have fallen under sheer stress of much golf-playing. We can put no trust in the duration of the whin as a golfing hazard, nor in any but the most sylvan products of Flora.

It is easy to see what we have lost, but quite another thing to make suggestions for guarding against similar loss in the future. The great rushes that are so salient a feature of the Westward Ho course are more enduring than any other vegetable form of hazard—forest trees, of course, excepted—yet even they yield to ill-usage in process of time, and, besides, they are the peculiar product of special soils. It is possible, no doubt, to encompass your vegetable hazards—of whin or what not—with a circle of tar or whitewash, and make a hard and fast rule that a ball of any unfortunate happening to stray within this tabooed circuit is to be lifted and dropped without, at a penalty of a stroke; but this is an indignity and a rule of artifice against which the soul of every freeborn natural golfer indignantly rebels. Such practices are generally condemned as "not golf," and only to be tolerated where the benighted commoner insists on the preservation of the floral growth as a harbor for his sheep or kine. One might as well have the tarred circle alone, and no hazard, for no premium is thus given to skill in playing from the hazard. No; the only conclusion seems to be that there is no permanent virtue in floral hazards; and that therefore the right alternative of the good golfer and greenkeeper is to seek such hazards—as sand bunker, gravel-quarry, stream, or road—as shall not be liable to disappear with time and golf. In the making of artificial hazards, especially, no good ever seems to be done by planting any form of vegetable obstruction that these little islands of ours produce. Whether the great continent of America can do any better in this way, this writer cannot say.

The best kind of artificial hazards that we make seem to be sunken bunkers, provided the soil be of such nature as to give them a sandy bottom. There is a great prejudice in some quarters against sunken bunkers; it is urged that they are not visible from the tee, and that often a stranger will find himself trapped in one of which he did not suspect the existence. But the answer to this is that his caddie, if of any moderate intelligence, ought to warn him of its existence; after a round or two of the links he should grow sufficiently acquainted with the hazards—especially if he has visited them once or twice—to know their whereabouts for himself; and, as a conclusive answer to objectors, we may illustrate the bunkers of St. Andrews—the best placed, in the writer's humble judgment, of those of any golf links—of which the majority are of this sunken, invisible nature. The sunken bunker is the best test of a man's ability to get out of it. It gives the good hazard-player a chance—a chance that is denied him if he find himself hard and fast up against the wall of one of those bank bunkers that our links-gardeners are so fond of making for us. But, after all, we do not want all our bunkers sunken, or all of the same kind, whatever it be. We want variety to give zest to the game. Let some of the artificial bunkers be of the banked-up kind; but even in making these let us always remember that they are but makeshifts, that the natural bunkers are the best, and always to be used in preference where available, and that if we are driven to artifice we should strive to imitate nature's lines. On this argument we shall therefore not trace our banks in a straight line across the course, but in a curving S-like form, which shall best imitate the graceful lines of nature's curves, and shall, moreover, give the skilful player a chance of using his niblick or heavy iron to play out of them with some effect. And in the placing of these bunkers, let the green-designer bethink him that he is planting his obstacles not only for the immediate present, but virtually for all time, and that in the near future the consolidation of the turf and the increased skill of the golfer will demand longer measures than those which best suit the average golfer of to-day.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

Brown's great blunder lay in her schedule, that is, of course, providing that her management wished to make a great showing. Her men have learned a lot of football. Her team, when it once more gets on its feet physically, will be as near a veteran team as any one season can make of a team composed so largely of green men. But forty to nothing is too great a score to leave any remnant of hope in Brown's mind of the satisfaction of saying, "We are in the first class, or close to it." It is only left her to say, "We are in the second class, but with us are some of the former stars." When a team undertakes to play Wesleyan, Yale, Harvard, and Pennsylvania in the very short period of time allotted to it by Brown this year, that team can rest assured that while its knowledge of the game will be greatly increased, its physical condition will be such as to preclude its giving the best exhibition of its powers.

West Point gave Yale that predicted "bad time," and gave it to her with a vengeance indeed. Mr. Graves and Mr. Butterworth are the closest friends, and have been ever since they played together at New Haven, so it must have been with a strange mixture of feeling that the former saw his team ahead of Yale, and in a fair way to defeat her. The game was all that could be asked in the way of excitement. The day was wholly different from that one upon which Harvard and West Point met, and instead of that scorching and exhausting weather, in place of that tame and almost sedate struggle with its distressing fumbling, we saw a brilliant, exhilarating day, a contest that was anybody's battle to the end, and play that was good in team execution, while here and there relieved by a star performance that sent the crowd to their feet. West Point played her persistent bull-dog game, and never for an instant let go, save perhaps at that one unexpected moment when Corwin made his run and saved Yale from defeat.

Had it not been for the real sand that there is in the composition of the Yale individuals making up the team this year, West Point would have certainly vanquished them. But, as in the Brown game, and in others of the season, Yale showed that there is right good pluck in her men. Still, the blue did not play the game to win, and were less irresistible when approaching the enemy's goal than in the Brown and Indian games.

In the game against Harvard, Cornell failed to carry out the promise of her showing against Princeton and Lafayette. Some of this was due to Cornell's lack of finishing quality, and this may have been in part accounted for by these two hard matches and the strain through which the men had passed. But, for all that, one cannot avoid or belittle the fact that Harvard put up an exceptionally strong game—not a showy game, nor in the ordinary sense a phenomenal game, but a game that told, that kept crowding, forcing, driving, continually, with increasing vigor. One never felt, after the beginning of the second half, in spite of the closeness of the first, that Cornell stood any chance of winning, and as the minutes went on, one felt the usual sympathy for the under dog. Cornell's defence was losing its life, and upon that its merit depended. The method and theory of that defence were based upon the dash and determination of the men guarding the points from guard to end, and when these men lost their fire Harvard swept over and passed them. The individual work of Boal was also a factor, and can fairly be set by the side of the marvellous running of Dibblee. Young's clever drop was the bright particular incident that left Cornell something of pleasure to carry away in the bitterness of defeat. Their Freshmen, also, at Philadelphia, gave the Ithacans a little balm by defeating the Pennsylvania youngsters.

The other games of interest last Saturday were the Williams-Colgate, in which the fact was all the more conclusively demonstrated that good team-work of weight and strength will win over individual performance. With a heavy mass play Colgate swept the league members to defeat. Chicago Athletic Club laid a claim to a niche above Harvard and Yale by defeating Newtown, 36 to 0. The University of Chicago had a hot game with Illinois, winning out by 18 to 12. The University of Michigan, after what the Oberlin men claim was most unfair treatment of their team a short time before, was defeated by her own graduates, 22 to 5. Wisconsin swamped Minnesota, 39 to 0, and Purdue distanced Indiana, 15 to 0. Carlisle literally romped over poor Gettysburg, and Lafayette, who once on a time used to find an equal rival in Lehigh (whom, by-the-way, Bucknell defeated by eight points), buried her under 34 points. The University of Virginia defeated Georgia, 17 to 4, in a game in which an accident to a player, resulting fatally, has saddened all that section.

Never have two teams played so many ties in succession as have Elizabeth and Orange, and the ties have meant something, too. The two teams are made up in a fashion that is rather a menace to amateurs, for no matter how sincere the management may be in sticking to the law, star elevens are always in the line of temptation. But the sport they furnish is great fun. It is rather cheering, also, to see lined up on the same side and working together for the common five-yard gain the very men who in their college days may have looked daggers at one another. The condition of the grounds was bad, but the two teams put up good football. Wharton's work was of the same high class that he exhibited at the University of Pennsylvania, and Stillman played centre as he used to against Harvard and Princeton. Ransom punted as he used to on the Haight Street grounds in San Francisco against Stanford, and the star runs of those with whom we are more familiar, Knapp and "Demon" Smith, were worth going to see. The team-work of Elizabeth seemed better defined, but when Orange took the bit in her teeth, figuratively speaking, she was wellnigh irresistible. The next match will be anybody's game.

On Saturday, the 13th, on Soldiers' Field, at Cambridge, Harvard will have the opportunity of testing the question of Yale's defence. In twenty years of football Harvard has crossed the goal-line of Yale just six times, and has won but one game. In the last ten years Harvard has scored twenty-four points against Yale. It has seemed at times as if the string of Yale victories must come to an end, that the time for Harvard had arrived, and yet the almost unbroken line of successes continued. Both universities suffered under this condition of affairs. Yale became over-confident, and Harvard wellnigh hopeless. Then occurred the memorable Springfield game, in which Harvard showed vastly improved form—form that against many a team would have won. The bitterness that followed that game is buried now, and the two start off with a clean slate.

Yale's latest move has certainly strengthened her centre most materially, and if these men remain intact, Cadwalader at centre, with Brown and Marshall flanking him, it will make a strong and fairly fast combination. But Harvard has two combinations to put against this trio—one, Ducette, Bouvé, and Shaw, the original arrangement; and the other with Boal, or, if worst come to worst, Haskell or Wheeler. Out at tackles neither of the two teams has been able to settle upon a continued arrangement. All sorts of material have been tried at each university. Harvard started with Donald and Wheeler, Yale with Rodgers and Durston, as the probable incumbents. Since that time Harvard has tried at least five others, and Yale even more. At New Haven it has come down to Rodgers and Chamberlain, and at Harvard, according to the latest advices, Swain and Donald. Before this is cold in type, however, the coaches will probably make still further alterations. But, whatever they do, it is reasonably sure that Harvard will outweigh Yale at these most important and vulnerable positions, while at end—the place that, well filled, helps out the tackle's troubles greatly—Harvard has been well satisfied, while Yale has been almost at sea.

I doubt very much if a general vote taken at Yale among the coaches and players as to the choice of ends would focus upon any two men with enough weight to decide the question, and it is not because all the candidates are so good as to make the selection difficult. Cabot and Moulton will very likely face Hazen, Hall, and Slocovitch. Not that Yale will play with twelve men, but that it may take three ends to get her through half the game. The quarter-back positions will be played by small but lively men, Garrison carrying Harvard, and De Saulles Yale. Here there is little to choose, but De Saulles at half, and Stoddard, Sullivan, or Ely at quarter would make Yale the better. Dibblee is the best half on either team. At full-back, McBride of Yale is considerably better than any man Harvard has for the place. He is heavy, strong, and always at work. His punting is lacking in direction and sometimes fatally low or slow, but he gets in a stiff drive, and his longest kicks cover a good piece of the field.

If there be one thing that Mr. Forbes and his system have inculcated, that thing is team-play. The Harvard eleven has been sent through its plays so many times that it is practically impossible for any man to be out of place. Most of the men could go through them even in their sleep. This making it second nature for the team to execute with wonderful exactitude such plays as belong to its category makes Harvard this year a team of good reserve power. To rattle around indiscriminately in false positions in the modern concentrated plays tires men out physically, whereas these same plays, when executed methodically, are far less exhausting to the individual than a long open run. Harvard's list includes a modest variety, but that variety is ingeniously planned so that no one or two men are forced to stand the brunt of the work. In this respect, as was shown in the few plays it made in the Cornell game, especially in the second half, it is second to no team on the gridiron to-day, and is probably Yale's superior from the stand-point of tactical possibilities.

Yale's real chance lies in equipping her men with one or two of her best plays, getting them thoroughly together on those few plays, and then relying upon the almost unlimited pluck and determination that is a known possession of the team this year. Both offence and defence are at times ragged. But the latter has materially improved since our last writing. In generalship of the game, Yale must turn over a new leaf or be outclassed. In the Brown game and the Indian game Yale was ploughing along at a running game in her own territory when she should have been punting and saving herself. Deliberately she stopped within a few feet of her goal-line balls which were going across, with no opponent within a hundred feet.

The well-worn tales of disagreement among coaches at Yale ought to be so threadbare by this time as to be easily penetrated by the naked eye. There is not and has not been the slightest disagreement at New Haven from start to finish. The very best possible has been made out of the green material at hand since it was taken in charge. The time that was allowed to go to waste was all the winter and early spring, when the coaches of the other university teams were thinking of football and laying out the campaign. As there was then no coach at Yale, and practically no one in charge, the work was not really taken up until fall or late summer.

Every one waited for Yale's Saturday game with the Chicago Athletic Association team to secure a correct estimate upon Yale's chances against Harvard. To say that every one saw a good game would be putting it mildly. There were a dash and determination about the play worthy of a championship match. There was plenty of opportunity to obtain the desired line upon the Yale team, and the eleven seemed to be ready for its measurement. Draper did the star work for Chicago, and several times went down the side-line, once most dangerously for Yale's peace of mind. The Yale team has at last got together, and showed it conclusively. The game it put up will keep Harvard's hands full if it repeats it next Saturday. The runners struck the line hard, and with a fierceness that carried Chicago off its feet. The defence was fifty per cent. ahead of anything the team has hitherto exhibited, Cadwalader at centre with Brown and Marshall at guards making a stiff trio. Benjamin played his game as he has not done for a long time, and was especially strong on the defence. In the running game, where formerly there has been too light assistance rendered to the man with the ball, there were on Saturday at least five, and generally six, well concentrated about him as he struck the line, and the mass was well driven home. For the first touch-down Yale ploughed her way from the centre to the goal-line without a hitch or stop, and Chicago only faced it to be bowled over by the mass. The only point that was really worth criticising in the Yale play was that which enabled Chicago to do its only showy work, and also to score. That point was the failure of the Yale ends to turn the runner in after McBride's long punts. Harvard will take advantage of this with her fast backs, just as Chicago did with Draper.

The score-comparing crank can simply revel in Saturday's games. Pennsylvania, having practically annihilated Brown, the team that played Yale to a virtual tie, scored but ten points more than the Indians, whom both Yale and Princeton had defeated more extensively. Princeton, too, came back into the calculations to a degree by running up fifty-seven points against Lafayette. Wesleyan, who was scheduled to run away with Trinity, could barely get home ahead, and that only by better goal-kicking, the score being 6 to 4. Williams and Amherst failed to settle the question of superiority, each getting six points.

Walter Camp.

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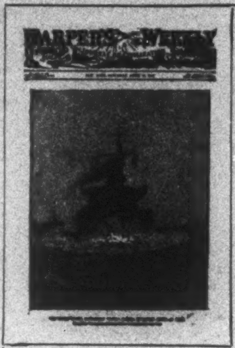

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